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HOW THE FRENCH  
TOOK ALGIERS





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'Ask that fellow there whether he understands gardening, the way the giaours, Christian dogs as they are, lay out their gardens, like those of the Frankish Sultan.'—Page 49.

# HOW THE FRENCH TOOK ALGIERS;

OR,

## *THE JANISSARY'S SLAVE.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN,

BY

J. LATCHMORE,

TRANSLATOR OF 'THE SIEGE OF VIENNA,' 'THE YOUNG CARPENTERS OF  
FREIBERG,' ETC.



EDINBURGH:  
OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER  
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1881.

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.



THE following tale is historical in all its main details. The lawless piracy of the Algerine-Turks, the affair of Bacri and Busnach, and the sad story of the Frankish Slave, were events with which the men of the last generation were only too familiar. The Dey of Algiers was a fair specimen of a Turk of the ruling class of his own time. From the humble position of a tripe-seller, Hussein rose by bravery, bribery, and intrigue to be Pacha of Algiers. In that high office he might have lived and died, had not his combined arrogance, greed, and fatalism proved too much for him. Thus he fell. The story of his fall, of the train of circumstances that led up to it, and of the events connected with it, will be found in the following pages.

A special interest attaches to the tale at the present time. It is just fifty years since this the last great pirate-nest in Europe was broken up, and a settled Government put in the place of a lawless and predatory despotism.

J. L.

*August, 1881.*





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# HOW THE FRENCH TOOK ALGIERS;

OR,

*THE JANISSARY'S SLAVE.*

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## CHAPTER I.

*OLD SCHOOL-FELLOWS.*

**I**T is now some years since, finding myself out of health, I set forth on a journey into beautiful Baden, or rather into that magnificent Schwarz-Wald amid whose dark pine-forests, with their health-giving, resinous perfumes, I soon found myself growing strong again. I journeyed on through the quiet, lovely mountain-valleys with their wealth of sombre woodland, revelled in the wide-spreading prospect from the summit of many a lofty peak, and took pleasant

part in the busy, happy life of the simple country-folk; I caught one glimpse of the, to me, distasteful doings then still permitted at Baden-Baden; and so at length clambered to the top of Alt-Eberstein, whence the eye can range the whole country-side far and near. My gaze was arrested by the mighty towers the great cathedral of Strasburg lifts high into the pure air, and sad memories crowded upon me as I thought of that glorious minster with all its wealth of Teutonic architecture—of the chain of circumstances which tore this German city and German land away from the heart of the German people, enabling even foreigners to wrap it in such an endearing embrace that its own kith and kin have grown strangers to it.

I had never seen Strasburg, and had now planned to spend a couple of days there. For two reasons I had for years looked forward to this visit.

In the first place, I longed for a quiet opportunity to see the cathedral, and feast my mind on its noble proportions and splendid architectural beauties. And then—

But to make my other reason clear, I must needs go back four-and-thirty years in my

life's history, to the days when I was a gay, bold youth, delighting in the company of others light-hearted as myself.

Among my fellow-students at Heidelberg was a Strasburg man. He and I became such close friends we were like one another's shadows; wherever one was, the other was sure not to be far off. Three years and a half we lived together in this friendly fashion, and then kept up a vigorous correspondence when we had both left the university. After a time, however, my friend's letters suddenly ceased. I then knew no one in Strasburg of whom to inquire, and was forced to content myself with thinking sadly that my friend must have been cut off in all the vigour and brightness of his youth. Nothing but death, I felt sure, could have severed a love like ours. So I mourned him as a faithful friend. And now that I was about to visit Strasburg, I bethought me to inquire after him. I could surely at least find his grave, and *might* find the man himself; for, after all, hope dies hard in the human breast. They are wonderful things, those youthful friendships! They are firmly planted in our hearts, and however near and dear others may become, we make no more friend-

ships that strike such deep root into our lives as do those of our early days.

The strange mixture of all European nations gathered round the gambling-tables of Baden-Baden had no charms for me. I soon wearied of the place, in spite of its many beauties, and speedily took rail to Kehl, and thence to Strasburg.

After satisfying my curiosity by a full inspection of the grand cathedral, I began to ask questions here and there concerning my lost friend. Nowhere could I find a trace of him, and at length I turned back to my inn, to consult my kindly host on the course it might be best to pursue.

He was a merry Alsatian, a true child of his native city. He interspersed his Strasburg German, which always sounds odd in itself, with such a queer jumble of French words and phrases as must have been really comical, had there not been all the time deep down in my German heart, something that pitied and sympathized with him.

‘Perhaps,’ I thought, ‘he may know something of my friend himself.’ So, when in response to my invitation, he sat down to smoke a good cigar with me, I opened the conversation.



'You were doubtless born and bred in Strasburg?'

'That I was!' he replied with his strong accent.

'Then,' I continued, 'as you seem about my age, you may have known a friend of mine who came from Strasburg, and was a student in Heidelberg about the year '18.'

'*C'est possible*,' said he; 'would you have the goodness, now, just to mention his name?'

'Edward Wenk. He was studying law.'

'To be sure. He and I were capital friends,' cried my host. 'We sat on the same form at school, and—why, he's in this city now; but, sir, things are changed with him, let me tell you, since those days. He studied, it's true, but you know he never really took any pleasure in it. His good mother wished it, and he just did it for her sake. His heart was always set on being a soldier, and so when the old lady died he chucked his books into the mud, and turned red-coat. There *might* have been another reason. Don't you know,' the good man went on energetically, 'on this side the Rhine as well as on yours, things don't always go according to merit. One must have interest, recommendations,

influence with his excellency the minister, and what not, or else all's no use, and the very best man may wear himself out waiting. Now Wenk was always an open-hearted straightforward sort of fellow. *He* was never the man to toady any one. You take my word for it, sir, whoever can't stand on his own footing is badly off indeed, and will end his life as a rascal. Well, so Wenk turned soldier. He was cut out for it, and if you'll believe me, he was simply the best-looking officer in all our garrison. He got on better soldiering than he had done at the bar, and when war broke out with Algiers'—

I clapped my hands in astonishment, and cried, 'This is indeed a wonderful story! So he was in Algiers, was he?'

'He was so,' replied the host, a little put out at my interruption. 'Well, let me see where was I? Oh, yes, just so; as I was saying, when the war with Algiers broke out the way opened for him to rise, and that pretty quickly. In a short time he was colonel of a regiment of Zouaves. By bad luck, though, a Kabyle bullet caught him in the fleshy part of the leg, and in the broiling sun of Algiers that's no joke, I can tell you

The end of it all was the foot had to be taken off, and the handsome young colonel came home minus a leg, with the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast.'

'My poor friend!' I cried.

'Well, well,' said my cheery host, 'it was a bad job, sure enough. He couldn't dance any more, and his game leg gave him a weather almanac, free, gratis, for nothing. But he's not badly off for all that. His wife is rich, and he gets a pension he could live on comfortably if he hadn't another franc in the world. I told you he lives here in his father's old home, and a jolly comfortable life he has of it too.'

All this stirred my curiosity, and made me impatient to see my old friend again without further loss of time. So I asked mine host if the waiter might be my guide to Wenk's house.

'No, no!' said he. 'That would never do. I'm the right man to take you to friend Wenk's. He and I are such good friends it will be a real pleasure to me, and I know him quite well enough to be sure of his thanks for bringing him the friend of his youth again.'

He rose as he spoke, and went to put on his coat, while I sat thinking over the strange

changes that sometimes happen in men's lives before they find the path that is really to be their life course.

At length the landlord returned, and we set out.

Not very far from the cathedral we came to a stately house, mounted a broad flight of steps, and were ushered by a footman into a handsome apartment. Here we found Wenk comfortably seated in a large easy-chair, smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper.

'*Bon jour, mon colonel,*' said my host heartily. 'How goes it?'

Wenk rose with some difficulty to greet us. The sight of him brought back all my youthful remembrances with a rush. He was older, like myself, and the scorching African sun had bronzed his face. Many a scar marked that face now, but there was just the same good-natured expression on it, and the same frank, open look in the clear blue eyes. After shaking my landlord heartily by the hand, he looked inquiringly at me, to whom he had made a polite but somewhat formal bow.

'I have brought you a gentleman,' said my host, 'who wants either to make your acquaintance or to renew it, I hardly know which.'

Wenk fixed a searching gaze upon me. His brows contracted. He plainly saw something he knew, and was busy searching among his memories of the past. I meantime stood and looked him smilingly in the face. Suddenly his brows smoothed, his eyes lighted up with pleasure, and calling me by name he fell impulsively on my neck. He had recognised me, and that through all the changes the storms of life had made in me, leaving me certainly not a young man.

Our mutual recognition pleased my good friend the landlord right well.

‘My friend is staying with you?’ inquired Wenk, turning to the latter. ‘You see, I can’t possibly part with him now I have him. So oblige me by giving my servant his luggage.’

‘By all means,’ replied the landlord laughingly, ‘I suppose that’s a hint for me to be off.’ Wenk grasped his hand, and cried, ‘You old rogue, what are you thinking of?’

So he stayed with us for an hour or so, drank a cup of Arabian coffee, blew a fragrant cloud with an eastern tchibouk, then took his leave, and left us alone with Wenk’s amiable wife. I will say nothing of the thousand questions with which we plied one


another, beyond the fact that when the first rush was over, we settled down into quieter discussion, and told one another the story of our lives. I stayed with Wenk a whole week—a week I shall never forget. Among the stories my friend told me in the course of that memorable week, was one that struck me most especially—one in the events of which he had himself borne part. His own interest in it was proved by the enthusiasm with which he told of the capture of Algiers, at which he was himself present, and narrated the story of a relative and friend of his, whose fate was closely bound up with the siege. He knew how willingly I should share my pleasure with my readers, and gave me free permission to do so.





## CHAPTER II.

### *CARL SEEKS HIS FORTUNE.*

NE beautiful evening, when we three —Wenk, his wife, and myself—were sitting in his pretty garden, my friend began the story I am about to narrate. ‘You know,’ he said, when I asked him about the capture of Algiers, in which he had borne a part, ‘you know how often the adventures of some private person are mixed up with great historical events—so closely mixed up, indeed, as to have an influence of their own on those events. You will be surprised when I tell you that the story of a relative of my dear wife was thus bound up with the taking of the Algerine stronghold.

‘The facts are little known, but none the less true for that. So you see, my friend,’ continued

Wenk, 'I must take you into the bosom of my own family before I lead your thoughts out into the turmoil of battle that made us masters of Algiers.'

Long years ago, somewhere about the time when we two were spending those happy hours in Heidelberg, a young man from Strasburg, an old school-fellow of mine, had given himself to commerce, and gone to Toulon. A seaport seemed to him to offer a young man better chances than an inland or frontier town. He may have been right. Very likely he thought, as he was left poor, that there he would find things different from his native city, where everybody knows just how many francs his neighbour has in his pocket. And then, sometimes, especially in places that in their day have been free cities of the empire, it happens that the old burgher pride gets toned down as time passes and circumstances change. Carl (for I will call him by his Christian name) had studied from his earliest years in the school of want. It is no bad training for a lad of his age and circumstances; it teaches him not to be too proud in his ideas, and makes him temperate in all things. His



schoolmaster, too, was one of those men who, as we say, keep their pupils on short commons, and clip their wings so that the young birds can't fly far enough to fall into the hawk's clutches. But he was a good master for all that, and whoever got his business training in that school left it well grounded, and able to turn his hand to almost anything. That master was one of those teachers who, when the lads grew old enough to deserve his esteem and earn it, exerted himself to push them on in life. In this way he proved a good friend to Carl. When the young man came and asked his advice about going to Toulon, the answer he got was this: 'You would do well there. I will give you a recommendation that may be useful to you. At least the firm I will recommend you to does the largest business in Toulon with the Levant and Egypt.' Carl accepted the offer with many thanks, made his few simple preparations, and set forth in right good spirits.

He hurried to Toulon, introduced himself to the rich merchant his old teacher had mentioned, and presented the letter he had brought. The merchant read the letter, scanned the bearer of it pretty narrowly, took a turn or two

up and down his office, and then, stopping full in front of his young visitor, said : ' You are strongly recommended to me by a man I have for many years had good cause to trust. I am an Alsatian myself, from the neighbourhood of Niederbronn, and always stand by my fellow-countrymen. So, if you like it, you can have a place in my office. I do a good deal of business with North Germany, and I want a young man for that department who is fluent in German as well as French. Would it suit you to engage with me for a month on trial ? '

' I accept your offer with pleasure,' replied Carl, ' even should you think a year's probation necessary.'

The merchant smiled at the youth's enthusiasm, and thought a month would be quite enough. And so the thing was settled. For the next month he worked in the office under the merchant's own eye.

Carl did not know that all that month his master's eye was looking more sharply after him than even after the affairs of the business itself. He lived as quiet and retired a life as that he had lived in his native city ; avoided keeping company with the more frivolous of his fellow-clerks, and occupied his spare time

in studying good books. Carl was descended from an ancient German burgher family, poor indeed, but well known for its respectability, a family like many still to be met with in Strasburg. He had been piously brought up in the fear of God. So it had come about that religion and all it taught had long been to him a pleasure as well as a duty. His place was never empty among those who went up into the house of God on His holy day, nor did he ever fail to close the day with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. In vain his companions mocked and jeered; their rude jests were powerless to turn him from the dear custom of the quiet house in the city by the Rhine, a habit that was now become to him a link knitting him in his exile to both his earthly and his heavenly home.

His employer was himself a religious man, and thus the two met each Sunday. When the month was out, the merchant, unasked, paid Carl a handsome salary, and said, at the same time laying a hand kindly on the lad's shoulder, 'And how do things stand between us now?'

Carl replied that he was awaiting the gentleman's decision.

'Well,' said the merchant, 'if I please you as well as you please me, nothing will ever need to part us again. But I have one condition to make; you shall no longer lodge outside in the town, but come into my house, sit at my table, and live, in fact, with my own family.' Carl was surprised by such unlooked-for kindness, but accepted the friendly offer with many thanks; and so the thing was settled.

I will pass quickly over Carl's life in the rich merchant's house. As the days went on he justified all his master's trust, both by his behaviour and his business ability. When, after he had been there two or three years, the aged book-keeper died, one day just as the family were sitting down to dinner, the merchant took Carl by the hand, led him to his wife, and said, 'I hereby present to you our new book-keeper, my dear,' Carl started and turned pale.

'Honoured Herr P—,' he cried, 'you cannot mean it!'


'Why not?' asked his master laughing.

'Because—because—well, I am too young to hold such an honourable post, and besides, I have not grown up in your business.'

'My dear fellow,' said the merchant, laugh-

ing still more, 'I never buy a pig in a poke, and in taking quite a young man on as my book-keeper, don't you see it's to my own interest; I shall keep him all the longer. And more than that, I know you better than you know yourself. Come now, what more have you to say against it?'


Carl stared speechless. He thought his master must surely be joking. But he was in downright, sober earnest. This was how Carl became book-keeper. I should tell you that Carl was a handsome young fellow of eight and twenty, and the merchant had one only daughter as pretty as she was good; a warm affection had grown up in her heart for the young book-keeper who was so prudent and unassuming, and stood in such high favour with her father. And then Carl was so skilful in music, playing his violin as well as, perhaps better than, many a one openly spoken of as a fine performer. So she sometimes asked him to accompany her with his instrument. Then it turned out that he had a fine tenor voice, and sang well. So it came to pass that he was often thrown into her society. We need no more wonder that he should fall in love with her, than that he should do his best to conceal



the fact. The parents saw what was going on, but had not the least objection in the world, in spite of the fact that Carl was poor. The merchant thought to himself, and justly, 'That young fellow's business ability, his knowledge, his trustworthiness and pure life, but, above all, his piety, make up a capital I value more highly than a few hundred thousand francs. Of them I have enough and to spare, but not another lad like this one I should choose for my son-in-law.' So when one day the girl told her mother quite frankly that she should never give her hand in marriage to any one but Carl, the thing was as good as settled. In less than a year they were married, and hundreds congratulated the young man on his good fortune. They knew nothing about the quiet happiness of his family life, or they might even have been tempted to envy him.

His position was now indeed an enviable one.

His father-in-law's business, in which he became a partner, and which he would one day call his own, was one of the best in the great maritime town of Toulon, indeed in the whole south of France. It had flourishing business connections with Constantinople, Smyrna, and



Alexandria; and when people said his ships ploughed the Mediterranean and all the northern seas, sailed to the far-off coasts of America, and were known at every port in Europe, it was no exaggeration, but the simple truth. The business done by the house largely increased after Carl entered it, and his prosperity increased with it.

Merchants like these are worth something to the country they live and work in; and the State sets much store by them, as it has good reason to do, especially when they are men well known for their unswerving honesty.

But such a commercial house has often to run serious risks, and even come off a loser now and then, however unpleasant that may seem; and it is most unpleasant when rogues have had a hand in the business.

A merchant ponders the matter deeply before sending goods, perhaps worth many thousand francs, far away to the great commercial towns we have named, especially when he has no personal knowledge of those to whom he sends them. There is not always good security either, and a blow may fall suddenly, and that just when least expected. Misfortune may overtake those long known

as customers of good repute, to whom enormous quantities of goods have been sent ; and at such distances, before any warning can be received it is often too late to avert grievous loss.

Carl and his father-in-law, who did business with Alexandria, now found themselves getting involved to a large amount with their correspondent in that city. He was a Greek, whose fame had never been of the very brightest, yet he had never given grounds for any positive distrust. His business reputation was good, and his property large ; he had never failed to meet his bills ; but for over a year now he had been getting more and more deeply into their books, while still continuing to send fresh orders for those expensive silks the skilful weavers of Lyons produce, which are so highly prized in the East. He stated that far-reaching speculations, which as yet he had by no means given up for lost, absorbed for the moment all his available monies, and wishing to find a market in France for part of his stock, he now asked Carl and his father-in-law to aid him by means of their business connections in their native land. But, though the transaction promised large profits, who



could answer for the speculation itself, at the nature of which the Greek merely hinted, giving no particulars.

All the Greek had said failed to inspire sufficient confidence to justify the sending out of the large quantity of goods he ordered. But, on the other hand, to refuse him credit would be a very serious step to take, and might even bring about the downfall of his house. Then indeed all would be lost.

The position was an awkward one. Carl's father kept his thoughts to himself, but they ran something after this fashion. If Carl would himself go to Alexandria, he could then examine the whole thing on the spot, and get to the bottom of it before he acted. The old man feared to trouble his daughter's mind; he feared, among other things, the effect of Carl's absence on the business, and accordingly at first shut the whole thing up in his own bosom. But Carl's thoughts had travelled along the same lines, and reached the same conclusions. He too said nothing, either to wife or mother-in-law, both of whom would, he thought, be easily frightened, but he felt constrained to open his mind to his father. The old man was agreeably surprised

to hear his son's resolve. Both men at once saw in this step the only possible safeguard for the large sums at stake.

But how the women opposed the whole thing!

Carl was now the father of four lovely children. His wife was most tenderly and devotedly attached to him. The mere thought of the dangers of the sea filled her always with a nameless dread, and now there was another cause for alarm. To reach Alexandria would he not have to sail through those very parts of the Mediterranean still infested, even in these modern times, by the terrible Algerine pirates? They had actually been seen, but whenever it was by big ships, they always made off in their swift-sailing craft. Smaller vessels, even those sailing under the French flag itself, had been attacked by them, plundered, and the crews reduced to slavery; indeed, it was only with the utmost difficulty that the French Consul at Algiers had obtained their release. This had caused the pirates to be more cautious, but, far from checking their ruthless deeds, had if anything only made them worse. Several French merchant-men had lately disappeared mysteriously in the Mediterranean, without

leaving the slightest trace behind, though no storm had been reported. The fact gave rise to a dreadful suspicion that the pirates, after plundering the vessels, had sunk them with every soul on board in the depths of the sea, and thus drawn the dark veil of secrecy over deeds of whose atrocity they would leave no living witnesses.

These things had frequently been talked of at table and in the family circle, and now could Carl rush blindfold into such danger? Who could blame the anxious women if they shuddered at the very thought? And yet day by day the importance of the thing grew more and more pressing and evident.

Inquiries were made of newly-arrived ships, and it was ascertained that for some time no pirates had been seen—indeed lately they had not been so much as heard of. This turned the scale, and Carl fitted out a brig with every care and precaution, mounting it with cannon for defence, and manning it with an unusually large crew of brave and experienced sailors. The father and son at last succeeded in quieting the fears of the two women, and Carl set forth on his adventurous voyage, after taking an affectionate leave of those he loved.



### CHAPTER III.

#### *THE SEA-FIGHT.*

**T**HE voyage began favourably. The weather was fine, and continued so. A gentle breeze filled the rustling sails, and the good ship sped lightly away across the dancing blue waters, followed by tea-glances from those left behind. The wind changed, however, as soon as the shores of France had passed out of sight. The wind increased, but as yet did not become a gale. They had gone some considerable distance when it suddenly chopped, and compelled them to make unpleasantly short tacks.

The captain was an experienced seaman, yet with all his skill, was now unable to hold the ship to her course. In spite of every effort the strong wind that in the night

to a storm, drove her closer and closer to the fatal African coast. The waves rose mountain-high, and broke over the ship till its timbers cracked. The angry billows tossed it about like some frail cockle-shell. Now it was dancing high on a foaming crest, now buried in the trough of some giant wave, and ever drawing slowly nearer and nearer to that rocky and inhospitable coast whose iron-bound cliffs are so justly dreaded by sailors—cliffs on which many a gallant bark has been driven, and not a living soul left to tell the tale. The storm abated, but only to gather fresh strength for new assaults. At last the tempest really lulled, but the fact availed them nothing, for the sea still ran as high as ever. In the course of the second night the ship had suffered severe damage, which was patched up as well as circumstances permitted, in hopes of getting her into the harbour of Alexandria, where she might be thoroughly repaired.

Carl thanked God for his preservation. His heart thrilled with gratitude to his Maker as he saw the sun rise on a new day. He went up on deck. The sea had gradually grown calmer. Presently he heard the captain's voice, calling the crew to set more sail, and

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‘But why need they frighten you so?’ asked Carl, to whom the captain’s answer was still a riddle.

‘Because they are Barbary craft, Algerine pirates, and in pursuit of us,’ said the captain briefly.

‘But, captain, those little things?’

‘Look here, my good sir, you mean no offence, I know, and I take none!’ said the sailor; ‘but you haven’t seen as much as I have. Those are feluccas that can sail and manœuvre like sea-gulls. Little things they look, but they deceive you, and the Turkish dogs have set sail on them till the masts bend like whip-stocks. Besides, they swarm with men, though there are only enough on deck to navigate the ships.’

‘Then we must be thinking about defending ourselves,’ said Carl.

‘There’ll be plenty of time for that, when we know we can’t escape. If but *one* sail were to appear on the horizon, those feluccas would vanish as quickly as they came.’

When the captain’s orders had been obeyed, all eyes were eagerly turned on the two dark specks. An ominous stillness reigned on the deck of the brig. The tall ship quivered

under the mountain of canvas she now carried. As the wind filled her sails, she sped on swift and stately over the limitless expanse, with a speed that seemed as if it must surely distance all pursuers. Still the captain's gaze travelled anxiously round the terrible horizon, that was bounded by nothing save the deep blue heavens closing down on it, unbroken on every side. Nowhere was a sail to be seen. Then he reckoned how many knots an hour his ship was going, and seemed for the moment comforted. But on looking again he saw that the two dark specks were unmistakeably and steadily growing bigger. There was no doubt about it. At last his telescope showed him the hulls of two light vessels rising clear above the line of sight, and he called those of his crew, who had practised artillery: 'To your guns, my lads, and load! Leave the ports closed till the dogs come near enough for us to see the whites of their eyes; then we'll give them a welcome they little look for. We'll teach them to know us again. The rest of you, down below, and get your weapons!'

In a trice the deck was cleared. Carl himself hastened below, and the captain followed him.



When they returned, each armed with a pair of double-barrelled pistols, a broad sharp cutlass, and a long gun, the men were already at quarters. Each man had pistols, cutlass, and boarding-pike.

The captain glanced once more at the feluccas, by this time plainly distinguishable with the naked eye, and asked briefly: 'Are all your fire-arms loaded?'

'All!' replied the sailors.

'We must have no random firing,' said the captain; 'our lives must be sold as dearly as possible.' Then he commanded that only as many should remain on the gun-deck as were needed to work the guns: the rest were to go below.

He gave the gunners strict charge to keep the ports closed till they heard the boatswain's pipe, and turned to the quarter-deck, where stood Carl, his gaze rivetted on the pirates. The young man could now see for himself that the feluccas were coming up hand over hand, and that any further attempt to escape was useless.

'Load with canister!' shouted the captain.

But a few minutes more, and the shrill cry of the sea-robbers could be heard, borne dis-

tinctly on the wind: 'Allah, Allah!' They were within range. The boatswain's pipe rang through the ship. The ports flew open as if by magic, and four well-aimed guns thundered forth against the fierce enemy, now swarming on the decks of both vessels. On one of the feluccas a wild tumultuous cry arose: the canister shot had done its terrible work. Through all the confusion the Frenchmen could see the enemy busy taking their wounded below.

'Hurrah!' cried the captain. 'Load again, my lads! Now a dose for the other one!'

By a skilful movement of the ship the other felucca was brought within range, and once more the guns hurled forth their iron hail; but this time, in their eagerness, the men aimed badly. Most of the shot flew over the ship, and the pirates shouted in derision.

'Badly aimed!' roared the captain. 'Quick, load again, and depress your guns.'

They were but merchant seaman after all, and this time, in their hurry, depressed the guns too much. The shot ploughed up the water between the two ships, and once more the captain was disappointed. He rushed to the gunners and rated them soundly.

Meantime the crews of the feluccas were not idle. Suddenly several light boats appeared on the water.

Once more the brig's cannon thundered, and two boats sank with their crews, most of whom, however, managed to keep afloat till their comrades picked them up. The French crew continued to fire on them, while Carl and the captain used their long guns with such deadly effect that, one by one, several of the pirates fell headlong into the water, and sank.

Suddenly the boatswain cried, 'They are aboard!' He fired his pistols, but four boats had already hooked on to the ship. Then began the fierce hand-to-hand fight with cutlasses and boarding-pikes. The sailors hastened on deck, and pistol-shots resounded on every side.

'All hands on deck!' roared the captain, and even the gunners made their appearance. But the pirates were used to work like this; their aim was deadly, and already five of the brave defenders were stretched lifeless on the deck. Nor was it long before the wild, swarthy faces appeared above the bulwarks. There was no time now for loading and firing.

The enemies' yataghans gleamed silvery in the air, and their deadly glitter was matched by the Frenchmen's cutlasses and boarding-pikes. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued on the deck, every moment increasing in desperate ferocity. It seemed as if the feluccas vomited forth ever fresh men to take the places of those who fell, as the boats rowed back, and returned filled anew with stalwart fighting men. Soon the undaunted little band of Christians, their ranks each moment growing thinner, found themselves taken in the rear. Carl was struck down by a gigantic Turk, and at once seized and tightly bound; the captain, who had fought like a lion, sharing the same fate. Then numbers began to tell. One by one the defenders went down, until, beside Carl and the captain, there were but two young sailors left. All the rest were dead or mortally wounded. The four prisoners were gagged, thrown into a boat, and so conveyed on board one of the feluccas, on reaching which they were at once cast into a dark, close hole.

What happened next they could only guess by the sounds they heard. The pirates placed the cannon, sails, and moveable tackle of the

■ brig, with all its cargo, partly on board their  
■ two feluccas, partly in the boats, which they  
■ then took in tow. When their arrangements  
■ were complete, they knocked a large hole in  
■ the bottom of the ship. The water rushed in.  
■ The feluccas and boats drew off a short distance.  
■ Suddenly the pirates raised a deafening shout, as the beautiful new brig toppled slowly over, and went down into the depths of the sea. As it vanished from sight, it threw the water into violent commotion, which shook the feluccas as if an earthquake had passed under them.





## CHAPTER IV.

### *MUSTAPHIA THE JANISSARY.*

**Y**OU may see now, my friend (pursued the Colonel after a pause), how well grounded were the fears of Carl's wife. What she feared had unhappily come to pass. The pirates, however, were not sent out by the Dey of Algiers, neither were they acting under his orders.

The rocky cliffs of Algiers, with the countless bays and inlets that seam their rugged walls, furnished in those days abundant room and opportunity for private adventures of this kind.

The inhabitants pursued such secret plundering expeditions all the more eagerly, because by so doing they had not to give up to the Dey the greater part of whatever booty they

won. It was dread of their fierce master, too, that made them scuttle the plundered ships and murder their crews ; even the ships themselves, or any considerable number of slaves, would have been quite sufficient to betray their wicked practices.

The band that had captured the brig *Anatolia*, with its rich cargo, inhabited a coast village on a lofty hill among the outlying spurs of the Lesser Atlas, about twenty miles from Algiers. No one suspected them to be either sailors or pirates ; they were for the most part Kabyles, living by husbandry and cattle-rearing, and seldom, so far as was known, trusting themselves on the treacherous waters. The inhabitants of the village of Sidi-Mulac had been quite unsuspected, and for a long time justly so.

A time came when things changed with them. The body-guard of the Dey of Algiers, and indeed his principal military force, was made up of janissaries, that wild soldiery so long trusted in Turkey, who had dethroned and murdered many a ruler, but which the father of the then reigning Sultan had savagely annihilated. In Algiers they still survived, and the Dey, Hussein Pacha, was well aware

of the strength they gave him, for they were brave soldiers, and the mainstay of his power. Their number was considerable, and among the privileges he had granted them was one by which, when a janissary wished to settle in any place outside Algiers, permission was readily granted. The sole conditions were that when such janissary's *orta*, or company, stood for duty in the Kasbah<sup>1</sup> of Algiers, he must present himself punctually at the time appointed ; he must further hold himself ready to obey the Dey's summons when that potentate marched to collect by force his tribute from the inland tribes.

Unwilling, therefore, as the Kabyles of the mountain were to see a janissary swoop down upon them like some great bird of prey, and make himself lord of their village, such doings suited the Dey well, for he knew his men and trusted them to help him hold the fierce mountaineers in subjection. One of the boldest of his bold soldiers had escaped from that terrible massacre of the janissaries at Constantinople, when so many of his comrades perished. He was then still young, but in daring and prowess a worthy son of his father,

<sup>1</sup> The palace of the Dey and the chief stronghold of Algiers.



who was among those that fell. His name was Mustapha. For a long time after leaving Constantinople he ranged at large among those lawless races of the Morocco coast known as the Riff pirates. Crimes of every kind, and acts of violence without number, done by this wild and wicked fellow among the inhabitants of the Riff, drove him forth again, or death would speedily have overtaken him in vengeance for his deeds of blood. He fled to Algiers, and the Dey enlisted him without inquiry in an *orta* of his guard. Here Mustapha felt himself safe again.

The life he lived in Algiers gave but limited scope to his activities, and afforded him few chances of gratifying his greed; plundering expeditions were few, and the Dey seldom led his men into the interior, either to collect tribute from the native tribes, or force them back to their allegiance. As Mustapha looked forth from the ramparts of the Kasbah over the wide expanse of sea, and watched the white sails dip and disappear on the distant horizon, the greed for plunder learned among the Riff pirates woke up again within him. Here, however, his wild doings were curbed with a tight hand. He planned how to

reconcile his covetous desires with his position as a janissary, and at last the way opened. The Dey appointed him to go and live at Sidi-Mulac, the very place he would have chosen. He had already been casting a crafty eye round that neighbourhood, and had found there everything he needed to carry out his nefarious plans. The country about Sidi-Mulac was hilly and clothed with forests ; towards the sea it fell away in abrupt rocky walls, on whose dark bases the waves thundered ceaselessly. Here and there were long inlets with steep rocky sides, and a narrow channel of deep water opening out into the sea.

Mustapha betook himself to Sidi-Mulac, and soon gained an influence over its Kabyle inhabitants and the few Moors who lived in the village. In a very short time they all fell in with his plans, and he trained them into one of the boldest pirate bands on all that dangerous coast. About four miles from the village was a fine broad inlet, safe as a harbour of refuge. The rock walls that shut it away from the land were over seventy feet in height, and fell as precipitously into the water as if built by human hands. On the landward side of the inlet rose a splendid broad terrace with


jutting promontories, a fine site for a village had any one thought of building there. The waters of the bay were deep and tranquil, even when the sea outside was lashed by furious storms. From this wide and peaceful haven a deep channel led into the open sea, broad enough to allow small ships to pass through in perfect safety.

This was Mustapha's chosen spot for carrying out his wicked schemes. Two feluccas were secretly built by highly paid shipwrights from Morocco; buildings were put up in which to store the plunder; and a crafty Jew, a friend of Mustapha's, visited Sidi-Mulac occasionally. His object in coming was two-fold; he took the stolen goods to the markets of Tunis and Morocco, and in later years bought such slaves as the pirates captured. Not a soul, far or near, had the slightest suspicion of this carefully-hidden pirates' nest and its daring doings, though they had gone on for years; all the inhabitants of Sidi-Mulac had bound themselves by tremendous oaths, and sworn a secret brotherhood with their crafty leader, Mustapha. It was this ruthless band, whose brace of swift feluccas had for years scourged those seas unpunished, that,

espying from their lofty watch-tower the brig's gallant struggle against wind and wave, had crept out in pursuit—a pursuit which, in spite of the brave resistance offered, and the loss of some of their best men, had proved only too successful.

How long the four unhappy prisoners lay cooped up in that dark and stifling hold, parched with thirst, and with wounds untended, they never knew; it must have been many hours, for all four became almost unconscious.

It was broad day, and a cool fresh breeze was blowing across the rippling sea, when the door or shutter that closed the den was lifted off at last. The captives were dragged out, and revived with fresh water. Then their bonds were loosened, and that none too soon, for they had already cut deep into the flesh. A Moor who had some knowledge of French acted as interpreter; but none of the prisoners could reply to his questions, so utterly exhausted were they all. The Moor himself washed their wounds, put on some rude dressings, and then gave each weary captive a little coffee, which revived their fainting hearts. They were allowed to stay on deck



in the fresh pure air, and only forced back into the dreadful hold as the feluccas approached the narrow opening into the hidden, land-locked bay the pirates had so long used.

Before this time, however, while the Moor was washing the prisoners' wounds, a gigantic Turk approached, and scanned the captives narrowly. This was Mustapha, already known to us as a janissary, and the leader of the pirate horde.

'Ask that fellow there,' said he, pointing to Carl, 'whether he understands gardening, the way the giaours, Christian dogs as they are, lay out their gardens, like those of the Frankish Sultan.'<sup>1</sup>

The Moor had unbound Carl first, and revived him with a little coffee. He put the question. Carl thought of his own serious position without letting either self-deception or vain hopes cloud his mind; he saw that this question was very likely a most important one for him, and was glad he could answer it in the affirmative.

Mustapha's lowering face cleared up. He vouchsafed the handsome young man a friendly glance, ordered him more coffee, and when

<sup>1</sup> The King of France.

the prisoners were cast again into the hold, left them unbound, and supplied them with a large jar of fresh water.

The captives made out, by the trampling to and fro and noise of moving about overhead, that the feluccas were entering some harbour. At last the chains rattled out, and the ships lay quietly at anchor. According to their count of time it was about mid-day, when, by the voices and steps they heard, the prisoners gathered that a much larger number of men were now busy about the ship. The sound of women's voices weeping and wailing was also borne to them, and they supposed the sad news had been told to the relatives of those who had fallen. The business of unloading went steadily forward, without any one concerning himself for the poor prisoners, and the fainting condition of the morning crept over them again.

At length, just as evening was drawing its shadowy curtains over the world around, they were brought forth in pitiable plight, lowered into a boat, and landed. Here they were saluted by the deafening howls and execrations of those who had lost friends in the battle, and who desired nothing better than to avenge

their death on the Frankish prisoners. Mustapha had to use all his great influence and courage to save them. They were safely housed at length, wretched and exhausted, in a lonely but secure building, where they were supplied with water and some coarse food, and then locked in, without so much as a handful of straw on which to lie. That was a terrible night, lying on the hard stone floor, with the bitter cold piercing their very bones. Had they not huddled close together, and so kept a little warmth in them, they must surely have perished. The evening was spent by the pirates in discussing and settling the fate of their new slaves. Early on the following morning Mustapha appeared, and signed to Carl to follow him. He parted unwillingly from his companions in misfortune, whom he never saw again; nor could he gather the smallest news of their probable fate, when, some hours later, the Moor came again to dress his wounds. Mustapha had supplied him with food, but it was not very palatable, being nothing better than hard old ship-biscuits. When he ventured to ask after his companions, the Moor shook his clenched fist in the unhappy man's face, and hissed out between his clenched

teeth the words: 'Accursed Christian dog! one more such question, and I plunge my yataghan into thy breast!'

This put an effectual stop to all inquiries, so Carl resolutely concealed within his own heart his desire to know something more about his own fate, while his soul looked up in silent prayer to Him who is ever merciful to all that are weary and heavy-laden.

Mustapha, whose slave the young merchant had now become, kept him close prisoner in a dungeon-like room, where, however, he was at least sheltered from the biting cold of night and the scorching heat of day. Here he had straw given him to lie on, and an old woollen covering to wrap himself in. His food, if not of the best, was now sufficient, and of fresh water there was no stint. He saw no one but the black who brought his rations, and the Moor who from time to time came in to tend his wounds, which soon began to heal. Yet his very solitude was a grief to him, for his thoughts turned ever to the sorrow of his dear ones at Toulon.

Thus a long period passed away, a period of trouble and anxiety, in which only one consolation remained, that of prayer to God,




and faith in His holy and gracious overruling.

To show you whence light was to come into this darkened life, I must now take you in thought to another place and scene.

On a lovely summer's day in the preceding year, Hussein Pacha, the Dey of Algiers, received the French Consul in a kiosque in his garden; the kiosque stood beside a beautiful pond, the water for which flowed through a channel down from the snowy Atlas. At that time the Consul and the Dey were on tolerably friendly terms, and their conversation turned upon the beauties of the garden of the Kasbah. The Dey asked the Consul whether his master, the Frankish Sultan, had beautiful gardens like these. The Consul told of the magnificent pleasure-grounds of Versailles, Neuilly, and other places, and politely remarked that the laying-out was of another fashion, and not so stiff as that in the garden of the Kasbah.

The Dey requested further information, and seemed interested. He sat silent for a time; then abruptly asked the Consul if he could procure for him also a skilful gardener, one who could lay out his garden in that way;



when it was finished there should be no cause to complain of the Dey's generosity.


The Consul promised to do his best, and the matter dropped.

Whether the affair slipped the Frenchman's memory, or whether difficulties arose, is not known; but the Dey got no gardener, and grew so indignant with the Consul, that his pride rebelled against asking him a second time.

Now it happened that day that Mustapha was standing sentry near the kiosk. He had heard the conversation, and stored it away in his memory. From time to time he asked the officers of the Kasbah, among whom he had several friends, whether the Consul had yet gratified the Dey's wish.

This had been his reason for asking Carl the question he put through the Moorish interpreter; and building hopes of a splendid profit on the result, he felt no scruple about telling a few lies to gain his object.

While Carl pined in durance, never even permitted to see his master's face, Mustapha's orta was ordered for duty at the Kasbah in Algiers, and himself with it. By this time his lying plans were complete.



One morning he craved an audience of the Dey, and receiving permission to enter the presence, was conducted to the garden-kiosque.

With profoundest bows, and all those signs of abject humility enjoined by custom and law when a Turk approaches his superior, did the janissary now draw near his master.

‘What is your request, Mustapha?’ said the Dey graciously.


Mustapha replied that since he had known the Dey’s wish to possess a Frankish gardener—a wish the *giaour*, the French Consul, had not troubled himself to gratify—it had been laid on his heart to fulfil it himself. He had left no stone unturned to do this, and at last had heard through a Jew trader of a rich Tunisian merchant who had a slave that had been a famous gardener in Frankistan. Mustapha had inquired, he said, whether the slave was for sale. The Tunisian replied that he would be willing to part with him, if he received suitable recompense. The crafty janissary named a large sum, adding that the amount would not be of so much moment to his Highness, if it enabled him to gratify his wish without the aid of the *giaour*. He (Mustapha)

had made it a sacred duty to assist his Highness in doing this.

‘Allah is great!’ cried the Dey. ‘I recognise your devotion; it shall not go unrewarded. The sum shall be counted out to you. Bring the slave to me, but secretly, lest the giaour, the Frankish Consul, hear of it, and claim him again.’

Mustapha’s heart leaped for joy. Being graciously dismissed, he soon received his ill-gotten gold, and hastened away on special leave, taking the road to Sidi-Mulac. He dared not, however, complete the business out of hand; he must wait till sufficient time had passed for a journey to Tunis and back.

It seemed very strange to poor forlorn Carl to find himself removed into Mustapha’s own house and well fed, permitted to breathe the fresh air of the garden, and even busy himself in setting it in order. He received oriental garments like those worn by Tunisian artizans, but was still strictly watched, and kept from all intercourse with others, especially with the two slaves of his master’s household. He talked with no one indeed but the black, and could have communications with the others only by signs.



Thus two months passed away, and autumn was just beginning when Carl was at last taken by the janissary his master to the city of Algiers. No one saw him on the way, and he saw no one, for the journey was accomplished at dead of night. Rain was pouring down in torrents as Mustapha gave the password that admitted him within the great gate of the Kasbah. Carl was led under the great arch into the wide space within, and put for safety into a strong prison-like room. His charge being thus safely deposited, Mustapha disappeared, and Carl saw him no more.

Days passed, and weeks, bringing no change in Carl's condition, which though in some ways not unpleasant, was still that of a captive. He might not stir out of doors, and except a black who brought him food at stated intervals, and seemed to take pleasure in scowling upon him, he saw no living soul.

At length, one fine morning, he received a visit from a Moor, who turned out to be the Dey's interpreter, or, as it is called in the East, dragoman. This man spoke fluent French. Carl was told that he had been appointed gardener to the Dey, and was to lay out that potentate's garden like those belonging to the

King of France. The Moor added that he was now to take him before the Dey, who awaited him in his kiosk.

The dragoman instructed him how to behave in appearing before the great man, and then led him at once into the garden. Carl's heart beat painfully. He felt that this was a turning-point in his life, and while fervently commending his ways to God's guidance, praised his heavenly Father for so fortunate a change in his circumstances.

The Dey was seated cross-legged on a splendid cushion in an open front of the kiosk that looked out on the garden; he was smoking a tchibouk, and attended by a slave bearing fragrant coffee. The floor of the chamber was spread with costly carpets. Otherwise the place was unadorned.

Carl must on no account, the Moor had told him, lift his eyes to the great man's face. He accordingly looked down, and on reaching the carpeted steps leading up to the apartment, cast himself on his knees, touched the edge of the topmost step with his forehead, crossed his arms on his breast, and so awaited his new master's commands.

The Dey spoke a few words to the

dragoman, who thereupon told Carl to rise. Then began a conversation which the dragoman interpreted.

‘Can you lay out gardens like those of the Sultan of Frankestan?’ was the Dey’s first question.

‘I can do so,’ was Carl’s answer, ‘if I am permitted by your Highness to see the garden and to have sufficient help.’

‘During the time needed for your work, you will be free to move about within the garden, and shall have as many workmen under you as you may need. How long will it take?’ asked the Dey.


Carl replied that he could only tell when he should have seen the garden. With his Highness’ gracious permission, he would like to measure it, and draw plans; he could then learn whether they met his Highness’ approval. If his plans should not give satisfaction he could easily alter them, and would proceed to work as soon as they were sanctioned.

‘The slave speaks well,’ said the Dey; ‘let him do as he has said.’

The audience was at an end. Carl prostrated himself to the ground three times, and

then, in spite of the Moor's warning, ventured a hasty glance at his new master's face. It wore a not unkindly aspect, though the expression was harsh and masterful.

The Dey turned to a Turk waiting in the back part of the room, and gave him an order Carl did not understand. The Turk followed the new gardener out, however, and led him at once to a small house, the door of which opened within the garden. Thus, although extending beyond the actual limits of the garden, the house itself was inside the walls, while its grated window did not look into the court-yard of the Kasbah. Here Carl was to live. The place was small but not uncomfortable, and on the floor were cushions arranged for sitting or lying. When the Moor was about to leave him, Carl asked for a measuring-chain and one or two other things; also for instruments to prepare his plans. The dragoman promised to provide everything, and the Turk, who was overseer of the Dey's household slaves, gave the young man a black as servant and companion. This attendant seemed to be something of a keeper as well, for he never left Carl's presence night or day. The young man had





no settled time appointed to his work. He soon saw, however, that the more quickly he carried out his master's wishes the better that master would be pleased. It was a fortunate thing for him now that in his earlier years he had had a great love for gardening. While he was still acting as clerk to his father-in-law, that gentleman had laid out large park-like pleasure-grounds around his country-house near Toulon. For these Carl had made the measurements and prepared all the plans, taking much delight in the work. The space allotted him here was smaller, but he had what had been wanting at Toulon, an abundant supply of water. He measured the garden, took careful note of its present arrangement, and acted on the idea of leaving in their places the fine old trees and the beautiful kiosque, with the pond beside which it stood, while improving the latter by planting rose-bushes and jessamine about it. He decided, further, to place fountains here and there; to use a part where the rock fell away abruptly, and was overgrown with climbing-plants, for the construction of an artificial waterfall; and to intersperse green sward here and there among

the groves of shady trees and beds of smaller bushes and flowering-plants.

When he had his plan clearly before his own mind, he tried to put it on paper, and succeeded in doing so both quickly and well. The Moor was enraptured, and took him at once to the Dey. He was at some pains before he could make the great man fully understand all he had in view. At last he succeeded, and the Dey agreed to everything. Workmen and materials of all kinds were provided at his slightest wish, and he was ordered to begin at once. The actual process, of course, took some time, but the Dey, who often came to see how things were going on, never appeared impatient; indeed, he more than once expressed his pleasure to find Carl sparing the fine groups of trees, and leaving much that was already there undisturbed, while trying to work such things into his own plan.

Once, while the work was still in progress, the Dey called Carl into the summer-house. His Highness was in a particularly good humour, and disposed to question the Frankish slave about his past.

‘Are you a gardener by trade?’ he asked, through his interpreter. ‘You must

have been long at it, and laid out many gardens.'

Now Carl was, above all things, truthful. Why should he lie here? He was quite unaware, too, of the falsehoods told by Mustapha, so no thought of harming the janissary crossed his mind.

He told the plain, unvarnished truth, that he was a merchant of Toulon, where his family was now living; then he narrated his story up to that time. The Dey was astounded. 'How, then, did you become a slave at Tunis?' he asked.

'I have never been in Tunis,' was the reply.

'You dare to lie to me, slave!' thundered the Dey angrily. 'Did not Mustapha buy you in Tunis?'

'If it should cost me your Highness' favour,' replied Carl, 'I must still speak the truth. The man whose name, Mustapha, I now hear for the first time, never bought me at all.'

The Dey looked at him searchingly. 'If you are lying, slave, it shall cost you your head!' he cried.

'My life is in your Highness' hand,' said Carl, calmly. 'But I have spoken the truth.'

The Dey began to have misgivings about

Mustapha. 'Tell me the whole story again,' was his next order.

Carl did so, in much more detail than the first time. The Dey listened attentively. When the two feluccas were mentioned, and the land-locked bay of Sidi-Mulac, he grew thoughtful.

'Slave,' said he, 'your head shall answer to me for the truth of your words. Go!'

Carl withdrew. His heart was throbbing, but he had spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth, and could await with an easy conscience what might come next. He suspected some rascally trick of Mustapha's, but did not himself know enough to put this and that together. The Dey sent at once for the officer in whose department this kind of business lay; he knew nothing about it; had never heard of the secret bay, nor that Mustapha had set up for a pirate on his own account. The Dey, now in a towering passion, ordered an immediate inquiry, and especially that a visit should be promptly paid to the village of Sidi-Mulac; above all, the strictest secrecy was to be observed.

His fierce master's anger, which might so easily find vent on him, lent wings to the

officer's new-found zeal. He hastened to Sidi-Mulac, while Mustapha was still on duty at the Kasbah. He visited the coast himself, and saw the hidden bay, the two feluccas, the store-house on the shore—all, in short, exactly as Carl had described it. He summoned the sheik or head man of the village before him, and demanded whether Mustapha had been to Tunis to purchase a slave for the Dey. The sheik denied that he had done so; then, perceiving the drift of the question, and wishing to retract, began to contradict himself. On this the Dey's officer told him bluntly that their piracy on their own account and their nefarious plans to rob their master of his rights, were fully known to the Dey; whereupon the wretched man fell at the officer's feet, confessed everything, and begged hard for his life. The officer had him and the other chiefs of the pirate band, whom he soon discovered, put in irons, and took them with him straight to Algiers.

The Dey was furious when he found that the story was really true. The chiefs of the pirate band were at once beheaded, and the feluccas burned, together with the buildings in the secret harbour. The village of Sidi-

Mulac was condemned to pay an enormous fine, which, large though it was, was not so profitable to the Dey as the valuable goods he confiscated from the stores of plunder hidden in the village. With Mustapha himself even his iron-handed master had to be careful; no man knew better than he the turbulent, mutinous spirit of his own janissaries. So Mustapha was forced to refund all the purchase-money he had falsely extorted for Carl, and to forfeit all his possessions at Sidi-Mulac, but his life the Dey dared not touch. He contented himself, therefore, with imprisoning the culprit for several months and having him soundly bastinadoed. Carl of course knew nothing of all these stirring events, but Mustapha contrived somehow to learn the source whence the Dey had got his information, and swore to take exemplary vengeance on the Frankish slave. Though he never referred to the matter again, the Dey continued on friendly terms with his new gardener, and Carl gladly took his master's silence as a sign that the whole affair was forgotten.




## CHAPTER V.

### *ZADOK THE JEW.*

**I**T is time, my friend (continued the Colonel, after a longer pause than usual)—it is time to tell you something of Carl's thoughts in his trouble, and something about his friends at Toulon; or you may be fancying he had passed thoughtlessly through all this great fight of affliction. You may think how sadly he felt his position, what battles he had to fight with his sorrow, and how he longed and yearned till almost beside himself to see his dear ones once again. The time he spent at Sidi-Mulac, the prisoner of want and misery, was dark indeed. In the dreary future he could not see one gleam of hope; he thought of his beloved wife and children, and his heart failed him. When he

was placed in Mustapha's garden, the change helped to divert his mind, and he grew a little easier, yet it was but outward relief. The same bitter pain still gnawed at his heart. Diligently and eagerly as he looked out for it, he found no opportunity to send a message to the French Consul in Algiers. When he was brought to the Kasbah in the city itself, his hopes rose, but only to sink lower and lower, as he saw how every step and movement was watched by the black given him for a servant. The captive must have broken down under his misfortunes had not his Christian faith strengthened and borne him up, reminding him that the path chosen by God often leads his children through the shadow of great darkness out into the light beyond.

Sometimes, as he gazed from the garden of the Kasbah away over the wide waste of waters towards the beautiful shores of sunny France, he envied the very sea-gulls whose snowy pinions bore them so lightly over the sparkling waves. Time passed on, and no help came, neither could he convey a single sign of his existence to the French Consul, though that official's dwelling was but a thousand paces away. Time, the soother of so many griefs, seemed in his case





powerless to aid, for it brought him no glimmer of hope. Yet his spirit took up the armour of faith, and with it became strong to resist the assaults that might otherwise even have torn him from his trust in God. It is well known that no people are more zealous in the attempt to spread their faith than devout Turks. Thus it came about that a venerable mollah, attached to the mosque of the Kasbah, pressed Carl hard to embrace Islamism; while the Sultan's Moorish dragoman, who had conceived a liking for him, would fain have converted him to the religion of Mahomet. But Carl stood firm as a rock on the one foundation that is laid, beside which none other can be laid, even Jesus Christ.

This slavery was bitter enough to him, yet the sad thoughts of the dear ones at home pressed even more heavily on heart and brain, making his own sufferings ten times harder to bear.

And how stood matters all this time with those for whom his faithful heart thus bled? Their prayers followed him when the brig spread her white sails to the wind, and sped away over the blue waters of the sunny Mediterranean. Prayers, and sighs, and tears,

followed him day by day on his dangerous journey, and oft-times did his loving wife ask plaintively : 'Alas, why did we not bear the threatened loss, and never, never, let him go ?'

The words pierced her father's heart, for now that Carl was really gone, a thousand fears and forebodings began to torment the old man's anxious spirit. He got early word of every in-coming ship, and hastened down to the harbour to see if perchance some one of them might not have spoken the brig. Time after time he did this, and time after time was he disappointed. The ship had neither been seen nor spoken with. These facts the old man shut up in his own heart, together with his own daily growing anxiety ; he had to try and cheer up the women, whose fears increased as the sad days sped away and brought no tidings.

Thus time passed on, till the day arrived when, if all had gone well, the ship should have reached Alexandria. No news came of its arrival. Ships came in from Egyptian ports, some from Alexandria itself ; at last letters from their correspondent in that city, flatly denying the rumours of his insolvency, and demanding to know why the goods he

had ordered had not been sent. Then a nameless dread seized on all their hearts. Where was he? Was he still alive? Or had the brig foundered at sea, and not a man lived to tell the tale?

It was vain now for the aged father to pretend a hope he did not feel.

Carl had been one of the most highly respected merchants in Toulon—probably the most highly respected. The interest shown in his fate and in his mysterious disappearance was universal. On all sides efforts were made to give this interest and sympathy some practical effect. Yet, however good intentions might be, there was but little could be done.

Carl's father-in-law was a man of great wealth and high position, with many influential friends in Paris. He went himself to the capital, and the Ministry gave him all the help in its power. In all important trading towns there are Consuls, men appointed by a State to protect the interests of its subjects in foreign lands. The French Consuls in the coast towns round the Mediterranean immediately had strict orders to do all in their power to ascertain the fate of the brig *Anatolia*, or learn what had become of her crew. The consuls did

their best to fulfil these instructions. They made many inquiries of sea-faring men, of merchants, and of the Government officers in the various towns. All their efforts, however, were fruitless; they could not come on the smallest trace of either ship or crew. No fragment of wreckage had been washed ashore that could lead to a suspicion the ship had gone down in a storm, and indeed nothing was as yet known of the hurricane that had so nearly proved fatal to our friend.

The Consuls at Naples and Smyrna, however, agreed in stating that two Algerine pirate feluccas had been lately seen in those waters, and that the first news of the missing ones would probably come from Algiers or Tunis, perhaps from Tripoli, or even Morocco.


When this news reached the sorrowing family it set the full tide of grief flowing again in the wife's unhappy soul, making things seem sadly certain that had before looked only doubtful, or at the worst suspicious.

The robber-states of Northern Africa were now the last forlorn hope, and the French Consuls received new and stringent orders to try and throw some light upon the mystery that shrouded the lost ship and her hapless crew.

The Consul at Algiers was an energetic man. He had had much experience in similar cases of former French subjects, and knew well how to go to work ; while Carl's father did his part, by putting an unlimited sum of money at the consul's disposal.

That official made all his private inquiries through the agency of a man named Zadok, one of the most cunning and crafty Jews in Algiers. He was honest enough, as some men regard honesty, but always knew how to make the best of a bargain, especially for himself. He was rich, and his trade in pearls and jewels, costly trinkets, and all kinds of goldsmith's work, took him into the houses of the wealthy and the middle-class ; while his age often gained him admission to the most private parts of those eastern abodes. His trading connections stretched far beyond Algiers, to Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. This man had already wormed out many a dark secret for the Consul, and to him many a slave had already owed his liberty.

Zadok was devoted to the Consul. That official laid the whole case before him, promising him a splendid reward if he could discover any trace of Carl. Neither of them suspected



that Carl was at that very moment breathing the air of Algiers itself, that he was in the Kasbah within a thousand yards of where they sat, and was busy remodelling its gardens in the latest style of French horticulture.

The Jew soon heard of the punishment of the pirates of Sidi-Mulac, and joy filled his heart. He began cautiously to make inquiries, but soon lost the trail again, for no one knew of the marked success the culprits had had; the sums confiscated by the Dey had been kept a strict secret, and there was as yet no very clear idea of what all the stir had been about.


Two years had passed away, and his friends in Toulon had long since given Carl up for dead, when Zadok undertook a business journey to Tunis. There he met a Moor who had lived at Sidi-Mulac, and had a large share in its treacherous doings; being, however, related to the Dey's dragoman, that worthy had managed to give him timely warning, and he had escaped before the storm broke. Zadok had done many a good stroke of business with him, some of them arising out of deeds as questionable as that act of piracy which Zadok himself suspected as little as any one else.

He was glad, therefore, to meet his old friend again, and congratulated him jocosely on having saved both head and money from the heavy hand of the Dey. The Moor had heard but little of what had befallen his comrades, and curiosity prompted him to sit down for a good long chat. He was horrified to learn the terrible punishment that had overtaken them. He asked after Mustapha. Zadok, who was well acquainted with the janissary, said that he was still in durance, but would shortly be set at liberty; there were ugly mutterings going about among the guard, to which the Dey must soon yield, for he had neither the will nor the power to oppose them.

Zadok then led the conversation to the subject of the brig *Anatolia*, and remarked that not a trace of it had ever been found. The Moor unguardedly expressed surprise, and said he had heard of a sea-captain sold to Tunis from Sidi-Mulac about the time the brig disappeared.

Zadok begged him to make inquiries where this man might be heard of, and before they parted the Moor had promised to do so.

But the next day, when Zadok went to visit his friend, the bird had flown. It seemed



he must have had some suspicion of the Jew himself, who now and then did business for the Dey as well as for the French Consul. Zadok was both surprised and disconcerted by this sudden turn of events. He had, at all events, learned one thing, that such a slave was living in Tunis, and he at once set about making researches among his fellow-religionists. These led to nothing, and he had to return to Algiers without having advanced the affair another step. In other directions he was not so unfortunate. For a moderate sum he had bought one of the very finest diamonds he had seen for many a long year, and this treasure he took with him to Algiers.

Meantime his predictions to the Moor were fulfilled in the Kasbah. Mustapha was released from durance, lest a mutiny should break out among the janissaries. Nothing was known of this in the city when Zadok called on the French Consul to announce the finding and losing again of a probable trace. He hinted, however, that he should be more fortunate next time.

On the morning following his return Zadok applied for an audience of the Dey, intimating



that he had a jewel he could not think of placing in any less august hands than those of his Highness. The Dey granted the application, and received him as he had often done before in the garden-kiosque.

The changes that had been made around did not escape the Jew's observant eye. He was conducted to the Dey, who sat cross-legged on a divan within the kiosque, through which a bush laden with splendid roses spread its rich perfume.

'How magnificent!' he cried, when he had prostrated himself three times, and risen to his knees. 'Your Highness has made the place a perfect paradise. A more beautiful one have my eyes never seen. How truly royal! And quite in the Frankish style too!'

'And why should not the Lord of Algiers gratify his wishes without aid from the giaour?'

The Jew was of course aware of the Consul's unfulfilled promise. He understood the allusion.

'Are there no other Frankish hands save those of the Consul?' he asked insinuatingly.

The Dey fixed a piercing glance on him;

then broke forth in sudden anger : ' And must it needs have been done by Frankish hands at all ? Meddle not in affairs that do not concern thee, if thou valuest thy head ! '

The Jew crossed his arms meekly upon his breast, and once more his bald head touched the earth.

' Cast your eyes on this jewel, O Excellency ! ' he besought, and made the great stone sparkle in the sunlight.

The Dey took the diamond, and regarded it with the practised eye of a connoisseur. After a short silence he asked the price.

The price the Jew demanded was a high one, but the Dey was pleased with the beauty of the stone, so the bargain was soon struck, and Zadok received his money. As he was crossing the court-yard of the Kasbah in a very jubilant frame of mind, whom should he behold sitting cross-legged on his carpet on guard but Mustapha, smoking his tchibouk. Without giving the smallest sign of surprise, the Jew nodded, and asked : ' Anything to sell to-day ? ' The Turk shook his head gloomily.

The Jew drew a step nearer : ' I want a gardener too, he said ; ' one that can lay out a

garden like the Dey's. And like the Dey's gardener, he must be a Frank.'

Mustapha ground his teeth, and his hand involuntarily sought the hilt of his yataghan. The Jew drew back in alarm.

Mustapha laughed grimly in spite of his anger. 'It's not you, Zadok,' he said, 'but the Frank.' If I had him here now, he should never do me another ill turn.'

'What ill turn?' asked Zadok in astonishment.

'Hush! You know that, as well as I.'

'Can't you get hold of him again?' asked Zadok.

The Turk gave him a withering glance of contempt, in his indignation forgetting to take a pull at his tchibouk. 'Get hold of him again, indeed!' he repeated. 'You are either drunk, Jew, or you are trying to make a fool of me. What the Dey once grips, no man takes from him.'

'Did you get a good price for him?' asked Zadok, with a wink. In spite of his anger, a smile spread over the Turk's harsh features. 'Of course he had to pay for the Christian dog,' he replied; 'but what good was that? The infidel betrayed everything. I had to pay back all the purchase-money, and lost

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every stick and stone beside, helping to make up the fine that was laid on Sidi-Mulac. 'Yes,' he growled, 'if I only had that giaour here, I'd pretty soon have it out of him. I only wish I'd pitched him into the sea.'

'Was he from the brig *Anatolia* too?' asked Zadok innocently.

Mustapha glanced keenly at him. 'Listen to me, Jew!' he said. 'Who gave you the right to question an Osmanli?'

'Bah!' said Zadok, 'such an idea never once crossed my mind. At least you will let me speak of what I know something about myself. I have just come from Tunis, where I bought some splendid Cyprus wine. There I spoke with the Moor Ibrahim, the one who escaped from Sidi-Mulac.'

'Oh, the villain!' cried Mustapha; 'then *he* told you?'

'Why should I lie to you? It's just as safe with me as at the bottom there, where the fine brig lies.'

'I wish you were lying by the side of her,' muttered the Turk.

'Thanks for your pious wish,' said Zadok, laughing. 'Then where should you get your Cyprus wine?'

‘You are right, most noble Zadok, as usual. At what hour shall I come?’

‘Let Mustapha come when he will, Zadok is always at home to him.’

‘Well said, Zadok, my friend,’ replied the Turk. ‘I will come, then, when the sun shall have sunk behind Atlas.’

‘Good!’ returned Zadok, and went quietly out through the gate of the Kasbah. The quietness, however, was all outside show. Had he not closed a bargain out of which he made a handsome profit, and was he not, moreover, on the track of matters that were certain to turn to his further advantage? He nodded in friendly salutation to the guards as he passed; whispered ‘Cyprus wine’ to one and another, his own more particular acquaintances; and so passed out into the steep, narrow streets of Algiers, among the windings of which he was soon lost to view.

Though the Koran, the sacred book of the Turks, forbids the devout Osmanli the use of wine, the very prohibition has at all times tempted Mahometans to transgress, on the principle, perhaps, of the old proverb, ‘Stolen waters are sweet.’ The Jew Zadok, who made large profits by the trade, acted the part of

tempter, as we have just seen. Whenever he did business with Mustapha, he could always reckon on most of the money finding its way back into his coffers in payment for his famous Cyprus wine.

Zadok grew impatient long before the janissary made his appearance. This was not till sunset, just as a cool, crisp breeze off the sea breathed a waft of freshness over the hot city where it lay stretching inland up its mountain.

Mustapha was a thoroughly abandoned fellow, always ready for anything forbidden, whether of God or man.

What should hinder him now, smarting as he was under the well-deserved punishment he had just received, from pouring out the whole story into a sympathizing ear?

When the swift-coming darkness had drawn its shadowy veil over the city, Zadok at last heard heavy steps approaching, and knew that the man he awaited had come. He went forth to meet his guest, lamp in hand, saluted him as a friend, and led him into the secret apartment at the back of the house, where materials for a drinking bout were already set out. Mustapha sank into

the cushions of the divan, and seized at once on a tankard of Cyprus wine. To-day Zadok watched the janissary's drunken greed with a peculiar satisfaction, for he trusted to the wine to unloose his tongue. So he took up again the broken thread of the morning's conversation, and the mere mention of the subject sufficed to waken all Mustapha's slumbering wrath. He told how he had lost his whole earthly possessions, even the price paid him by the Dey for the Frankish slave he took in the *Anatolia*, and how, as if this were not enough, he had suffered the terrible bastinado, and been put on bread and water for two months. It *could* be no one but the giaour who had owned the *Anatolia* that told the story to the Dey, and set him on to make beggars of the whole village of Sidi-Mulac. While thus unburdening his mind, the Turk greedily emptied one bottle after another, and soon began to show signs of intoxication. He raged in the fiercest language both against the Dey his master, and the Frank who had betrayed him, and swore death and destruction to them both with a ferocity akin to madness, at last subsiding into muttered imprecations, which finally gave

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place to heavy drunken slumber. Then the Jew turned away and left him, with feelings of mingled disgust and pity.

Zadok trembled with eager joy when he stood alone in his room, having left the sot to sleep off his debauch. He had learned all he wanted to know. The next thing was to squeeze a good round sum out of the Consul as the price of his information. He could hardly sleep for thinking of it. With the first streaks of dawn he was once more on his legs. The fear lest Mustapha might slip away without paying his reckoning, made him the first object of the Jew's attention. The Turk still lay where he had fallen, sunk in a half-unconscious sleep. Zadok moved about the room, and made a stir which at last roused him. His head ached so, and he was altogether in such wretched plight, that he had not the smallest recollection of what he had said the night before. The Jew was quite equal to the occasion. He prepared some coffee, such as Turks love, black, strong and sugarless, and this stimulating drink soon made Mustapha his own man once more. He paid his heavy score after some grumbling, but without calling for any more Cyprus wine,



and then slunk out at the door on his way to the Kasbah where he had to mount guard again.

An hour later, and Zadok was requesting the porter at the French consulate to waken his master from his morning sleep; he had an important communication to make.

The Consul suspected what it was, and appeared without delay.

‘Well, Zadok!’ he cried, ‘have we reached the goal at last?’

Zadok saluted him gravely and respectfully, as being the representative of a mighty nation; then he said: ‘Your Excellency is aware that I spare no pains to fulfil your Excellency’s wishes. I took that journey to Tunis expressly on this business, and just as I thought I had found a trace, the bird slipped out of my very hand. I turned back to find, here at our own doors, what I had been seeking afar off.’

‘Here!’ cried the Consul in great astonishment,—‘how and where?’

‘In the Kasbah!’ replied the Jew triumphantly.

‘In the Kasbah? Impossible!’

‘True enough, for all that, your Excellency!’

Then he told how, on his recent visit to the

Dey, he had noticed the garden all laid out in the European style, and had shrewdly suspected it might have something to do with the subject of their inquiry ; further, how, when he dropped a hint about it, the Dey had grown angry, and threatened him with death unless he minded his own business. Moreover, he had an acquaintance among the janissaries, a man who had lived among the pirates at Sidi-Mulac, and suffered severe punishment with them. This man he had met in the court-yard, and having cautiously sounded him at the time, had got him to his own house yesterday evening, and plied him liberally with wine of Cyprus. The man, by name Mustapha, had confessed to having borne part in the capture of the *Anatolia*, and to receiving its owner as his share of the plunder, and to having sold him as a slave to the Dey. It was this slave who had laid out the garden, and told the Dey of the pirates and their evil deeds. That potentate had severely punished Mustapha and his comrades, and confiscated their goods ; not, however, for their wickedness, but simply for cheating him out of his share of the booty. The Consul was delighted. He counted out to the Jew a sum

far exceeding even *his* expectations. Still Zadok waited.

‘Well, is there anything more?’ asked the Consul.

‘Grant, O Excellency, that your unworthy servant may inquire what you intend to do?’

‘Go straight to the Dey, and claim the man he has secretly and treacherously enslaved,’ replied the Consul promptly.

‘Doubtless, for your Excellency, that is the best course to take,’ returned the Jew; ‘but it will cost me my head.’

‘Your head!’ cried the Consul.

‘Has your Excellency forgotten the hint I dropped in the kiosque, and what the Dey threatened? Do you not see, as clearly as I, that suspicion can only fall on Mustapha and myself?’

‘That is true, unfortunately,’ replied the Consul thoughtfully.

‘And more than that,’ pursued Zadok, ‘where in all Algiers shall I take refuge, that the Dey cannot take me?’

‘In my consulate,’ said the Consul. ‘It is sacred.’

Zadok bowed his gratitude.

‘And if my house be destroyed, my goods

plundered, my wine of Cyprus poured forth, who shall recompense me ?'

'I will,' replied the Consul.

Again the Jew bowed profoundly, and said, 'I thank your Excellency. You are indeed a noble man!'

The Consul rang. When the servant entered, his master told him to call the steward. That official soon appeared, and was at once ordered to prepare suitable rooms for the Jew.

Then Zadok hastened away to his own dwelling. A near relative resided with him, and to him he gave over the charge of his house. He hid his best goods in a secret vault, and had all his money and more precious valuables conveyed as privately as possible to the French consulate. He himself then slunk along side streets to the back gate of the building, and was admitted, to vanish utterly from the public sight, lest the mighty destroying hand of the vengeful Dey should reach and smite him even there.

Mustapha had no suspicion that the sword which was to avenge his countless evil deeds now hung suspended above his guilty head by a single hair, and that the cup of his

transgressions was full. If the Dey did not dare openly to sate his bloodthirsty revenge on one of his janissaries, there was at least nothing to hinder him from taking whatever truly Turkish method his anger might suggest for getting the thing done secretly.





## CHAPTER VI.

### *AN EXPLOSION.*

**A**N hour had not elapsed after the events described at the close of the last chapter, when forth from the gate of the French consulate issued the Consul's secretary, dressed in a splendid French uniform, and accompanied by an imposing retinue of servants. Mounted on a noble Arabian charger, he took his way through the steep and narrow streets straight up to the Kasbah. Arrived there, he requested, on behalf of his master, an audience of the Dey, which was immediately granted, and fixed to take place at eleven o'clock.

Shortly before eleven the gates of the consulate opened again. This time the crowd of servants was preceded by a runner in gay

livery, who cried aloud the name and rank of his master, and ordered all persons to make way for him.

Behind the servants, who were on foot, rode the Consul's secretary and dragoman; and after them, in a uniform glittering with gold and orders, rode the Consul himself, followed by two more servants on horseback.

The procession moved slowly up to the Kasbah, before the widely-opened gates of which the guard was duly drawn up under arms. The Consul rode almost up to the palace door, where he was received by an officer of the Dey, and conducted to the hall where that potentate himself sat cross-legged on a snow-white cushion, his head covered with the scarlet fez. The Dey held in his hand a feather fan, which he waved to cool his brow; he was clad in gorgeous apparel of white and yellow, and beside him sat a ulemah or Mussulman lawyer.

The Consul was a stately man, dignified in bearing and decided in manner.

Accompanied by his secretary and dragoman, he entered, and approached as far as the foot of the three steps on the summit of which the Dey's divan was arranged. Here he

bowed courteously, and the Dey acknowledged his salutation by a peculiar movement of the right hand, waving his fan of ostrich feathers towards his visitor.

A student of expression and bearing might have observed a certain uncomfortable stiffness that had already risen between the two men. The Consul proceeded to state in decided language, which the Dey's interpreter repeated to his master, that he had certain information that pirates inhabiting the coast village of Sidi-Mulac had attacked the French brig *Anatolia*, laden with valuable silk stuffs for Alexandria; that they had plundered and sunk her, and murdered the whole crew with the exception of four men; that they had reduced these four, among whom was the owner of the vessel, to slavery, selling three of them to Tunis, and delivering the fourth, the ship-owner aforesaid, to the Dey as his gardener. He was now held by the Dey as a slave. In the name of his lord, the King of France, he, the Consul, demanded that this man be immediately surrendered; and as the Dey had already confiscated the property of the pirates in question, he further demanded ample compensation for the full value of the brig



and cargo, together with the lives of her crew.

As the Consul's tale went on, the countenance of the Dey, who had followed it closely, at first showed pretty plainly the consternation he felt, but ere it was ended, he had recovered himself, and his face expressed first defiance, then malice, and finally unbounded rage.

He vehemently declared the whole story to be a tissue of lies from beginning to end, and refused the Consul's demand in the most peremptory and offensive manner, asking whether he thought France could pay her debts in that way.<sup>1</sup> He insisted that here the thing should end. He had not a single Frank among his slaves, and to get his garden set in order had been compelled, as the Consul had not kept faith with him, to import a gardener, a Christian from Tunis. Of the brig *Anatolia* he knew nothing, and therefore absolutely declined to entertain any such outrageous demand.

The Consul persisted in his claim as one that had been duly made, and could be as duly proved. There were two witnesses to the facts, he said, whom he should produce

<sup>1</sup> See p. 109 *et seq.*

a week hence when he made his second application.

The Dey, almost beside himself with suppressed wrath, now signed that the interview was at an end. The Consul withdrew in stately fashion, preserving the air of quiet composure he had shown throughout. When he was gone, the Dey's anger found vent. He dismissed all his attendants, except his Moorish dragoman. Turning to this man, he said abruptly: 'The giaour is well informed. He *can* only have got it from one of two sources; either Mustapha, or the Jew Zadok. Perhaps my slave himself has a hand in it. Fetch him this instant!'

The Dey remained seated on his divan, blowing fierce clouds from his tchibouk, and muttering imprecations on the Consul, Mustapha, the Jew, and all concerned. He saw plainly enough that the Consul had penetrated his web of lies and prevarications. Should the Frank once succeed in producing Zadok and the janissary in proof of his story, he might gain the victory. Things began to look very ugly for the Dey, who, though perfectly aware of his own injustice, had not the smallest intention of confessing it, much



Carl, being a slave, had to prostrate himself, and remain with his face to the earth.'—Page 97.



less of giving up what he had taken from the pirates.

While he was still moodily turning it over in his mind, the dragoman entered with Carl.

Carl, being a slave, had to prostrate himself and remain with his face to the earth.

‘Slave!’ thundered the Dey, ‘have you acquaintance in the city of Algiers—acquaintance with the Frankish Consul?’

Carl, terrified by such a question, put in such a tone by the fierce and angry Turk, yet knowing nothing of the circumstances that seemed to be against him, raised his head, and collecting himself replied: ‘No! I have never spoken anything but the truth to your Highness.’

The Dey scrutinized him narrowly. ‘Every lie brings you one step nearer to death,’ he cried. ‘Confess!’

Carl laid his hand on his heart: ‘I can but tell the truth. I have *no* acquaintance, and have never sought any. My life is in your Highness’ power; but were I to die a thousand times, I can say nothing but the truth.’

The Dey’s angry brow cleared a little, and the tone of his voice grew gentler. ‘It is as

you say, slave,' he replied. 'You never have either lied to me or deceived me. Yet listen! Do you know an Algerine Jew, by name Zadok?'

'I have never even seen a Jew from Algiers, and know no such person. Let your Highness ask the black who has followed my every step since I came here; if he say otherwise, then let me suffer the penalty your Highness has threatened.'

The Dey frowned. 'I must believe you,' he said, 'I see no possibility of it myself. But one thing more! Have you spoken with Mustapha, who brought you here, since he did so? Are you in communication with him?'

'I have never once seen Mustapha since the night on which I first arrived.'

The quietness and self-respect with which the slave spoke, and the evident sincerity of his words, produced their effect. The Dey could no longer doubt Carl's innocence. He sat a while lost in thought. Then he said: 'Go, slave; but remember, the first time you even wish for secret intercourse with any living soul outside, that wish costs you your head.'

He spoke a few moments with the dragoman, something Carl did not understand.

Carl took leave with the same prostrations with which he had approached. On entering his dwelling, he was told by the dragoman that he was not again to cross its threshold, and soon after a second black arrived, to share the strict watch of the first. From this time forward the captive was not allowed to enter the garden, where till then he had industriously busied himself weeding, planting, and watering. In the strictest sense he was now a prisoner in his little room, and his fate was indeed a sad and wretched one.

But what a host of thoughts and fancies his conversation with the Dey had raised in his mind! The Consul knew, then, that he was here in captivity. At last his dear ones at home would have news of him. Hope flashed once more, like a beam of sunlight, into the prison-house of his captivity, as he thought how they would surely move heaven and earth to set him free; he magnified the mercy of God, and put his trust afresh in Him who can save His own even from death. A gentle and consoling peace came softly down

upon his heart, fostered and maintained by earnest, believing prayer.

But there was no peace in the heart of the Dey. He consulted with the Moor, whom he took into full confidence. He discovered nothing, save the fact that a black slave had seen Zadok speak with Mustapha when the former had paid his last visit to the Kasbah, and that therefore it must be these two who had betrayed him to the Consul, and whom the Consul meant to produce as his witnesses.

This was quite sufficient for the ferocious Turk, to whom the life of a man, more or less, was a matter of no account. It would be easy enough to deal with the Jew, he thought, but not quite so easy to put Mustapha out of the way. When he had ordered Mustapha to receive the bastinado and cast him into prison, unmistakeable signs of mutiny had shown themselves among the janissaries. It would not have been the first time that these wild, lawless bands had even *murdered* a Dey, and set one of their own number on the vacant throne. Fierce as the Dey was, therefore, the very thought made him tremble. If he wanted Mustapha swept from his path,—and he wanted it from the very bottom of his



soul,—a way must be found to clear himself of the deed. Cruelty and inhumanity go ever hand in hand with treachery, like that the tiger uses when he creeps, bloodthirsty, on his unsuspecting prey. The dragoman, the Dey's confidant, was a worthy counsellor and accomplice in his master's wicked plans.

For a man like this it was not difficult to contrive that Mustapha should leave the Kasbah as evening fell, returning again far on in the night. This he did several nights in succession.

A few days passed, and one morning early the janissary was found, lying murdered, in the street that led from the city up to the Kasbah.

A wild hubbub arose among his comrades. They thronged to the palace, demanding instant inquiry and swift vengeance. The Dey acted as though himself shocked by Mustapha's sudden death, and much incensed at it. The Cadi, a judge of Algiers, was summoned, and the strictest investigation ordered. Not a trace was found, until the rumour began to spread that the murdered man had been used to go of an evening to the house of Zadok the Jew, there to drink

Cyprus wine. Whence the rumour arose no one knew, but it served the Dey as a good excuse to order Zadok's arrest.

A night or two later, and the janissaries rushed through the streets of Algiers, turned down the narrow lane in which was Zadok's house, broke into it, and instantly murdered the Jew's relative left in charge. They ransacked every room, plundered all there was left to plunder, not forgetting the good wine of Cyprus in the cellar. By way of salve to their consciences, when they had well drunk, they knocked out the heads of the few remaining casks; then, having failed to find Zadok, sacked the house, doing their work of destruction so thoroughly that the morning sun rose on a heap of blackened ruins where the house had stood the night before.

No one dreamed of questioning the deed. The power of the strong hand and of unbridled passion had had its way, and there was nothing more to be done.

But one sting yet rankled in the breast of the Dey—the Jew Zadok was nowhere to be found.

Scores of spies were set to work. Search as they might, or threaten the chief of the

Jewish colony in Algiers, nowhere could a trace be met with of the aged fugitive.

‘He is in the house of that gïaour, the Frankish Consul,’ cried the Dey at last. ‘There is not a doubt of it.’

He would fain have served the stately consulate as he had the dwelling of the Jew. But over it waved the snow-white banner of France, with its golden lilies, the banner of the Bourbon kings, for Charles x. was then upon the throne. The house was protected by the law of nations. Even the fierce barbarian who ruled Algiers dared not lay violent hands on that.

In a city like Algiers, it was an easy thing to discover a secret like this when once on its track. The fanatical hatred of the Turks, Arabs, Moors, and Kabyles who made up the population of the town, was strong against all not of their own faith—Christians as well as Jews. Gold will soon open a Mahometan’s heart and mouth. So the Dey made inquiries through trusted agents, and soon learned that Zadok had been seen with the Consul on the morning of the very day when the latter had his last audience; it was even added that several packages had been taken


from the Jew's house to the consulate. There was no room to doubt that, foreseeing the result of his deed, he had planned to preserve life as well as treasures. Was not the suspicion just, that the man himself was hidden along with his valuables ?

The Dey was much too crafty, however, to make open use of what he had thus learned. He would not demand Zadok's surrender, though the man was his own subject ; to do so would but multiply difficulties with the French Consul, and might lead to a public exposure of his own lying and treachery.

The Turk trusted to an entirely different method ; nor was his trust in vain.

From the consulate, Zadok was unable even to see the shattered remnants of his house. After the manner of his race, he would fain, however, urged by love for the home of his childhood, have visited the ruins of that house where his fathers had dwelt, the place where his people for many generations had suffered, and struggled, and rejoiced. It was on this idea that the Turk built his ruthless plan. In those dark and dangerous corners, wherein the narrow, crooked streets of Algiers are richer perhaps than any other city on earth, lurked

the nocturnal assassins the Dey had bribed to stab the Jew. The reasons that had produced both the murder of Mustapha and the destruction of Zadok's house, were clear as day to those at the consulate; but the French were as yet far from imagining the treacherous measures the wicked Dey and his not less wicked counsellor were now plotting. Even Zadok, who knew the Turks better than most men, had no suspicion of them. The sorrowful thought would indeed sometimes cross his mind, that he must remain closely hidden within this building in which he had taken shelter, only to quit it when he left beautiful Algiers, and wandered forth to seek some place where the Dey's strong arm could not reach him. Nor did it mend matters at all to think it was his own avarice that had brought him to this pass. Then again the sudden and violent death of the janissary, Mustapha, shook his nerves; for he saw in it a foreshadowing of his own fate. Yet more was he disturbed by the destruction of his house, and the murder of his kinsman, whose unburied body still lay among the ruins. How could he recover those desecrated remains? If he did not do it, who else would? He appealed



in his distress to the Consul, who showed himself ready enough to meet his wishes in the matter. After, with much difficulty, the body had been found, it was interred at the Consul's expense in the Jews' place of burial, and Zadok remained a mourner in his house of refuge. He prayed much, but his prayers brought him no consolation. Two wishes were uppermost in his heart, ever ready to torment him: one, to go and pray on the grave of his dead kinsman; the other, to search in the ruins of his house. The Consul warned him never to set foot outside the gates, especially by night; at last he peremptorily forbade his leaving the consulate, giving his servants strict orders on no account to permit the old man's egress. Zadok, however, was like some naughty child. The more his difficulties increased, the more did he long to see his wishes fulfilled. At last he could contain himself no longer. One dark night he stole out at the back-gate of the consulate, and hurried down the dark street as silently as possible. Scarcely had he reached the end of the street when a crashing blow fell on his devoted head, and he sank senseless to the earth. Powerful arms seized his body, and

bore it swiftly forth through the city-gate to the sea, whose blue waves soon closed over it, and it was seen no more.

The murderers were handsomely rewarded. Joy reigned in the sumptuous apartments of the Kasbah, while alarm and sorrow filled the French consulate when Zadok was nowhere to be found. The back-gate was on the latch, and there could be no doubt he had left the building of his own accord. For a time, faint hopes were entertained of his return—hopes doomed to disappointment, as the conviction grew in each heart that he had certainly fallen a victim to the relentless vengeance of their powerful foe, who had now swept from his path the only two men he had cause to fear.





## CHAPTER VII.

### *HISTORICAL*

**T**URKISH cruelty and ruthlessness having been so far successful, all means were now removed by which the Consul could prove the justice of his demands ; but for all that, he had not the smallest intention of letting those demands drop. On more than one former occasion, M. Deval, the French Consul at Algiers, had noticed that the Dey's arrogance was increased by forbearance on his own part. He had for some time been coming to the conclusion that the Dey must be treated with greater firmness and energy. For some time, too, a certain tension had been growing up between the Dey and France, of which I must now speak. To be mild or forbearing with a Turk when one has right



on one's side, is always interpreted by the Turk as a sign of fear. Repeated experiences had forced this view home on M. Deval, and he felt the time had now come to claim the respect due to France represented in his person. He might heretofore have been something amiss in this regard, he thought; and indeed the Dey had begun to show in his dealings with France an amount of disrespect hitherto quite unknown.

There was in the city of Algiers a wealthy firm of Jewish merchants, the house of Bacri, and another that of Busnach. With these two houses, and with the Dey's sanction, the French Government had some time before arranged a contract, by virtue of which the two firms had delivered large quantities of grain. For this the Government was indebted to them in the amount of seven million francs. It was arranged that French business houses having claims against the two Algerine firms should be repaid from this sum, and that the law-courts of Paris and Aix should settle the legal terms. By this arrangement French merchants had to receive on behalf of Bacri and Busnach a sum of two and a half million francs. The

remainder was paid to Bacri and Busnach themselves, except two and a half millions retained in the French Treasury till the courts aforesaid should have given their decision on the legal points in question. Two full years glided away, and the final judgment had not yet been given. This delay was, it must be admitted, far from right.

The Algerine firms sheltered themselves behind the Dey's authority, begging him to make their cause his own. This was soon done, especially when they offered him a handsome sum for himself. He accordingly sent the French minister a letter so peremptory and truculent in tone, that he felt sure France must at once bow before him; he demanded the two and a half millions that had been unjustly kept back, and added that any French merchants having further claims against Bacri and Busnach might come and prove the same before him. This crisis had just been reached at the time when the Dey was trying to brow-beat and rebuff the Consul in the matter of Carl's slavery. He had made away with all who could injure him, and at the thought his

courage rose. He was now only waiting an opportunity to pour out the full tide of his wrath and scorn on Consul Deval. That opportunity soon arrived.

The evening preceding the Festival of Bairam is in the East the time usually chosen for paying festal visits, especially among those of the Mahometan religion.

Accordingly all the state dignitaries visited the Dey, the Consul waiting on him among the rest, arrayed in gala costume.

The Dey sat among his cushions, fanning himself with a fan of plaited palm-leaves. Beys, Mollahs, and Ulemahs were gathered around him, with the Agas of the janissaries when the Consul entered, respectfully saluted the potentate, and wished him good fortune for the coming festival.

Deval looked grave. His whole bearing showed that he felt he had serious cause for dissatisfaction. This caught the attention of the angry Dey.

Instantly, and in an excited tone, the prince demanded whether the Consul had heard from his Divan<sup>1</sup> about the Bacri and Busnach affair.

<sup>1</sup> Ministry.

Now the Consul had received a reply, in which the Dey's demands were rejected.

Accordingly, impelled by the Turk's unseemly violence, and the consideration already named, the Frenchman repeated in decisive language the answer he had received, and was proceeding again to urge his claim for Carl, when the Dey thundered out the shameful epithet 'giaour,'<sup>1</sup> at the same time striking him repeatedly on the face with his palm-leaf fan.

The Consul stood in the place of an ambassador, and in him France was represented. An ambassador's person is always held sacred. An insult like this was therefore unpardonable. While striking him, the Dey ordered him to get out of his sight, and that instantly.

Merely saying, 'France will avenge this insult,' the Consul withdrew, and at once sent off his despatch-vessel to convey the news to Toulon. He took down the French flag, and shutting himself up in his house, cut off all communications with the Dey at once.

The Mussulmans were jubilant at the

<sup>1</sup> 'Infidel,' 'Christian dog.'



'The Dey thundered out the shameful epithet "giaour" at the same time striking him repeatedly on the face with his palm-leaf fan.'— *Page 112.*



giaour's humiliation, and so worked on their master's evil passions that he gave the Bey of Constantine orders to destroy the French trading colony, at that time covered by the small fortress of La Calle. This was done, though fortunately the inhabitants had time to escape on board a French ship lying in the harbour.

These events roused all France, on whose honour they cast so deep a stain, and a squadron of thirteen ships was immediately despatched to Algiers to demand ample reparation.

The insult to the Consul was offered on April 27, 1827, and on the 14th of June in the same year, the French squadron appeared in the roadstead of Algiers. The galley *La Torque* ran into the harbour, and the Consul left the city, advising all French subjects to follow his example.

This action meant more than it appeared to mean. It meant that France was about to commence war on Algiers unless full reparation were at once made.

The Dey began to feel rather uncomfortable. He explained that he had not insulted France, nor meant to declare war against

her. His affair with the Consul was a personal matter entirely between themselves.

Captain Collet, who was in command of the squadron, took no notice of this fable, but offered the Dey stringent conditions, which had the effect of throwing him into a towering passion. His reply, however, was studiously and unexpectedly moderate.

As Captain Collet had demanded the immediate surrender of Carl, the Dey once more absolutely denied his presence in the city.

From this time Algiers was closely blockaded, yet a few pirate-feluccas managed to creep out and go in quest of French vessels.

Though the French men-of-war cruised vigilantly up and down the Algerine coasts, these pirates succeeded in capturing several French merchantmen. When Captain Collet knew it, he went in pursuit, re-captured them, and himself took some Algerine merchant-vessels in reprisal.

Thus the war was degenerating into a series of petty sea-fights, and the maritime powers, especially England and Turkey, began to think of mediating. The idea came to nothing, partly for lack of consent on the part of France.



Neither the Dey's own pride nor that of his Divan could as yet stomach any idea of yielding or giving in. On the contrary, when they saw several of the largest French men-of-war sail away, they resolved that it was a good opportunity for all the Algerine ships in the harbour to break the blockade and scour the Mediterranean for plunder. In their arrogance the Turks thought they should thus bring the French to their senses. The plan was carried out. The ships, to the number of eleven or twelve, with three thousand two hundred and sixty sailors and soldiers on board, stole out of the harbour in the night. Captain Collet had had timely warning of the manoeuvre. He at once went in chase, overtook the Algerines, opened fire upon them, and so severely handled them that in a very short time they were glad to take refuge in the harbour again.

It might have been thought so sharp a lesson would have broken down the overweening pride of the haughty Turks. But the blockade went on for twenty long months, and still the Dey showed no signs of yielding.

To maintain this blockade was no light task. The coasts of northern Africa are

almost iron-bound, and fierce storms beat on them with relentless fury. But the fell diseases of that sultry clime constitute a danger greater than either cliffs or storms. Pestilence at length began to spread among the French squadron, and that so rapidly that the Government was forced to send a message of recall, lest there should not be left men enough to navigate the ships. On their withdrawal, piracy at once broke out again, and two war-vessels were despatched to hold it in check. Several of the boats from one of these ships were driven on the Algerine coast, and in the fight that followed the foreigners had decidedly the worse.

Then the bad old ways came to the front again. The blockade of Algiers had cost enormous sums, and France was on the very brink of once more paying black-mail to the pirates, which, shameful as it may seem, she had more than once done before. To this end an attempt was made to treat, and a negotiator went out to Algiers with two ships of war.

In spite of all the Dey had suffered, however, he hardened his heart again; refused to give any promises for the future, and still

persisted in denying Carl's presence in the city.

Then the messenger of peace felt constrained to depart, and sent on his smaller vessel, a brig, in advance, intending to follow himself in the larger ship, from which floated the flag of truce, sacred in the eyes of all nations. The ship, however, had scarcely moved from her moorings, when, contrary to all law and right, all the batteries of Algiers opened fire on it. Grievously injured, it succeeded at last in struggling out to sea, though only some happy chance prevented its going to the bottom. The cup was now full, and the last dregs of patience exhausted. At last the game was to begin in earnest, and the Dey to reap the due reward of his deeds.

Such preparations cannot be made in a few hours, and the Dey of Algiers had friends who kept him fully informed about what was going on. He on his side prepared to put forth his full strength. He was not going to yield to the giaour, not he. All the chastisements these robber-states had hitherto suffered had been so light and insufficient as scarcely to affect them at all ; and their piracy

still flourished, as it had long done, to the shame and hurt of Christian Europe. Whenever the Dey heard speak of a French expedition to Algiers, he trusted in the storms, in his lofty cliffs, in the power he could easily bring together, and so lulled himself in the slumbrous dreams of an insolent security.

Leaving these warlike preparations, let us turn now to the mourners in Toulon and the lone sufferer at Algiers.

When Consul Deval landed at Toulon, one of the first to greet him was Carl's father-in-law. Deval had known him in former days, and now gazed sadly on the man whom but a few short years before he had seen in all the pride of strength. The merchant observed his surprise, and understood it. He gave the Consul his hand.

'Three years of sorrow press more heavily on a man than as many decades of happiness,' he said.

Deval looked at him compassionately. His hair was white as snow; deep furrows were marked in his sad face. The high forehead was seamed by many lines of care, and the eyes that used so frankly and freely to look the whole world in the face, lay now deeply

sunken in their sockets, whence they gloomed forth with a weary and anxious gaze.

Deval pressed the old man's hand. 'He lives!' said the Consul. 'That is the sole bit of good news I have brought. The worst has not yet befallen him. He lives; but he is the slave of a haughty and over-bearing despot.'

The old man folded his hands, and for a moment gazed thankfully up to heaven. 'Even for this word I thank Thee, O heavenly Father,' he said, and could scarce restrain his tears.

Deval drew him gently to a seat that stood near, and in simple language told him the whole story.

When it was ended, the old man thanked him for the trouble he had taken.

'But,' he asked, 'is there *no* way to free him? I will willingly give all I am worth to buy him back.'

'The wealth of the world could not avail just now,' was the reply. 'The tyrant values him most highly, and has, besides, closed every possible way of approaching the subject by his lying and treachery. We must trust in the power of France; she will never lose

sight again of this noble son of one of her best citizens.'

'It is but a sorry trust,' said the old man. 'Yet I have done all I could. The king himself has promised me to work for him.'

'And, for the present, what more can you desire?' asked Deval. 'Trust in God, and have faith in your king's plighted word. When France has broken the Dey's stubborn pride, the hour of your son's deliverance will have struck. Do not cease your prayers to the king. The hour of freedom will come yet. It cannot but come.'

The two sat long together, talking on the subject that lay so near the elder man's heart, and at last the latter went home, with a mind more at ease than for months past, to tell the good news he had himself heard,—not all they could have wished, but good news still.

As the darkest hour of night precedes the first dawn of coming day, so was it with these anxious watchers, awaiting with throbbing hearts the old man's return.

At the words, 'He lives,' Carl's wife sank weeping on her knees and gave thanks to God.

Then she was ready to hear all her father

■ had to tell ; and the first joy was sadly dimmed by the news that followed. Still there remained one source of consolation, and that one a gift of God that can never be too highly prized. Trusting in God, did these sore-afflicted ones look up in their hour of trial to their Father in heaven. No word was spoken that might add to the heavy burden of sorrow and care borne by the sad father : he blamed himself severely enough already, that it was he who had sent the young man forth to his doom, and that for earthly gain. With this thought he struggled, and the self-reproach of it tormented him day and night.

Within the next few days he hastened away once more to Paris, to toil and strive again for the fulfilment of his life's task, and to bring comfort home with him.

Meantime, how were things going with him, the weary weeks of whose life were dragging their slow length along in his dreary prison in the Kasbah at Algiers.

The love of God his heavenly Father was never far from him during this season of suffering. And the same Lord had given him the love of a faithful human heart—the heart

that beat in the swarthy bosom of his black attendant.

With the idea that, should the Consul once hear of the Frankish slave, he would be immediately claimed, the Dey had from the first appointed a black to attend him rather as keeper than servant.

Achmet was a negro from the Soudan, torn in youth from his family, one of the best in that country, and sold in the slave market of Upper Egypt to the Dey of Algiers. At first he regarded Carl with the hatred Mahometans bear to all Christians. But as time went on, Carl's gentleness and kindness, his many troubles, and his fervent piety, won the black man's heart so entirely that at last brother could not love brother more fondly than Achmet loved Carl. This love became a real comfort to the lonely captive, and in time he learned to return it heartily. They were companions in suffering, and both longing for sympathy. Each tried to understand the other. At first this was a difficult thing to do; but unfortunately time was on their side. So in time, zeal, love, and patience won the day, and before two years had passed they could speak French together easily enough to learn

1



one another's life history, a knowledge that served to draw them closer one to the other.

Their affectionate intercourse was rudely interrupted when the Dey sent a second black to share Achmet's guard. He was a good-natured fellow enough, but of a different tribe from Achmet's, and the two blacks could only make one another understand by speaking Arabic, a tongue foreign to both. Moreover, the new-comer had not yet been long enough in Algiers to understand or enter into the life around him, for which beside he had small liking; he was simply an indolent fellow, sleeping away at least half of each day.

Achmet, being free to go into the outer precincts of the Kasbah, kept Carl informed of the Consul's movements, but unhappily had at last to tell him of the outbreak that caused the appointment of a second keeper.

Thus a source of consolation had been opened for the captive's outward life, in the love and sympathy of a fellow-creature, for to love and sympathy the human heart ever responds. Thus was a pleasant task set before him—to be the means of shedding gospel light into this darkened life and soul—light to which Achmet's heart opened and re-

sponded more willingly than is often the case with Mahometans. Still, one sorrow lay heavy in the depth of Carl's spirit, the longing for his dear ones. How were things going with them? Who could answer the thousand questions prompted ever by his longing and his love? And sometimes, as he sat with tear-bedimmed eyes bent on the earth, Achmet would steal quietly behind him, and whisper: 'Allah<sup>1</sup> love still! He care for His own. You see them all some day. Achmet never see his people again. No one help Achmet, like your sultan help you. So hope, only hope!'

When at last Consul Deval was really gone, when the French men-of-war blockaded Algiers, and the thunder of cannon resounded in and before the city, the captive heard the news from Achmet, and joy stirred feebly in his heart.

For months he had lived shut up in a prison, and his health was beginning to fail, when suddenly a change came, brought about in the following way:

The Dey, who in these busy and anxious times had scarce given a thought to his

<sup>1</sup> The Mahometan name for God.

beloved garden, felt one morning a sudden desire to see it again. But in what a condition did he find it!

Beneath a southern sky many things are not as we know them in our more northern lands. Plant life thrives and flourishes there, spreading itself with a speed and luxuriance we can hardly imagine. Some of us know how a very few weeks or months of neglect suffice to over-run our gardens with what we contemptuously call weeds. How much more must this be so in the sunny south, where all vegetable life is so much stronger and freer!

So when the Dey entered his garden, behold it was a wilderness! Everything was overgrown. No one had tended it, and wild growth flourished everywhere in richest profusion. On all sides the flowers were choked or hidden beneath a mass of weeds. The Dey exclaimed aloud when he perceived that not even a vestige of a path was visible; all was hidden, buried beneath a thick verdant carpet of grass and creepers and tangled weeds.

He ordered Carl to be fetched at once. The young man came, looking pale and wan

with long confinement ; yet he smote his hands together in speechless surprise when he saw the sad state of his garden.

The Dey told him, in much milder tones than those of the last occasion, that he was to set to work on the garden again with all possible speed, and that no one should disturb him. The overseer had instructions to supply slaves to work under him, and Carl thanked God who had again sent him a solace for his troubled thoughts, and permitted him once more to breathe the pure air of His free heaven.

With renewed industry he began his toil. Day after day did he busy himself, planning, and ordering, and arranging ; and unceasing activity of life in the open air soon sent the blood coursing healthily through his veins again, and did something towards assuaging the troubles of his mind. But those troubles were too deeply-seated to be really removed by means like these. The Dey professed himself satisfied with the work done, but the great man's new-born amiability did not last long. As events crowded thick and fast on one another, and the Dey had to turn his thoughts to warlike preparations, his unreason-

ing anger against Carl returned in full force. The young man was once more consigned to his prison, and his keepers received the most stringent orders. The Dey's counsellors advised that the Frank who had caused so much mischief should either be quietly put out of the way, or at least sold as a slave to Tunis. The Dey himself, however, would not hear of either proposal. If he acted thus, to whom could he entrust his garden, he wanted to know. He dropt all show of friendliness, however. His suspicious anger was too deeply rooted in the soil of his own wrong-doing for him long to maintain any such pretence.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE FRENCH ARMADA.*

**ME**ANTIME the arming of France went forward with steady strides, impelled not by the puny efforts of Carl's father, but by the warm approval of the French nation. This time no mere naval expedition was preparing at Toulon; a great land force was to be transported to Algeria to bring the Dey to reason. No one as yet had a thought of keeping the country when it should once be fairly subdued.

Nothing could have suited us better (continued Colonel Wenk). We were a set of enthusiastic young officers, eager for service, and promotion, and glory; fully determined to win the Cross of the Legion of

Honour, or at least the Order of St. Louis. My dear wife lived a life of constant anxiety in those days. She did not, I fancy, suspect that a very few years would give her back a one-legged cripple for a husband. And, to tell the solid truth, neither did I. Who that is looking on and up to the glory he means to win, ever does think about such things? I was jubilant when our regiment of light infantry (the Zouaves were a product of the African campaign itself) received marching orders for Algiers. I took my beloved wife with me as far as Toulon to leave her there with her relatives, the friends of Carl, until I should return from Africa. You may fancy how sadly changed we found them all. They were still in deep distress, yet borne up by hope, for their trust in God's gracious aid seemed to them now a strong rock on which to build. That I too was going to Africa filled them with joy; for they knew that, should all go well, when we had reached Algiers and taken the city, I would leave no stone unturned to find their dear Carl, and set him free. That I promised to do all this, with the firmest determination to keep my word, you may

easily imagine. Love to Carl would have been reason enough, had not sympathy with the mourners I saw around me made it a sacred duty. With longing eyes we watched the slow preparations drawing day by day nearer the time when all should be ready.


The equipment of the army was carried out regardless of expense. In fact, so entirely was this the case, that money was squandered in ways simply ridiculous. You must needs laugh were I to tell you of the host of luxuries embarked by the higher officers, lest in the African wilds they should miss the elegancies of Paris. Tents were provided fitted with costly mirrors, sofas, and the like. A large number of paste-board dummies were taken on board to deceive the enemy as to our numbers. I should seem like an Eastern romancer if I told you but one half the foolish and ridiculous rubbish that crammed the holds of our ships to overflowing. Yet, for its very oddity, I must tell you of one thing. A host of dogs, of every race and kind the dog-stealers of Paris could furnish, were taken aboard. You naturally ask, What for?



To taste the waters of the African brooks and rivers, and try whether the Arabs had poisoned them! If it cannot be truthfully said that no care at all was exercised about food, and provision for the sick and wounded, it is at least certain that either knowledge or experience must have gone to work in a very different way from ours, for we had not the smallest inkling of what would be necessary, or even useful. This ignorance naturally opened the door for any amount of swindling and cheating.

We jested and laughed over our paper-mâché soldiers and our canine adjutants; but there was one thing we did not jest about—the fact that Bourmont, the man whom, since Waterloo, all Frenchmen had despised, was appointed to the chief command, many a worthy, capable, and experienced officer being passed by or set aside. Not only were we soldiers irritated by this; all France resented it. It was to remove the ill effects of such an unpopular appointment that Admiral Duperré was put in command of the fleet.

In due time thirty-five thousand men were assembled in and around Toulon, ready



for embarkation. The ships that were to take them, with their artillery, ammunition, and warlike stores, were at last ready. They included eleven ships of the line, twenty-one frigates, seven corvettes, twenty-one brigs, two galleys, eight bombards, fifteen transports, and six steam-vessels; the whole manned by twelve thousand seamen and marines. The harbour and roads of Toulon presented a brilliant spectacle, the like of which the town had never previously seen; and I must confess that even on me, downright land lubber as I was, the sight made a most tremendous impression.

The fleet was ready on the 11th of April. Then the army had to be embarked. And now, just when all were burning with eagerness to get to sea, contrary winds sprang up and blew for a whole month. We lay in camp and in our quarters till the 11th of May. At last the longed-for hour arrived, bringing to us, along with all its grand thoughts of glory and fame, some misgivings and not a few fears.

I cannot tell you how that parting affected me. Now for the first time I really felt what it was to part from all I loved, and go forth

into a strange, unknown future. Followed by many blessings and tears, I tore myself from the arms of my beloved wife, and hastened on board. The embarkation had then been going on for nine days. Our regiment was the last.

Still we had to wait, anchored within sight of Toulon, during the 25th and 26th of May. It was not till the 27th that a fresh breeze sprang up and filled our sails. Amid the farewell shouts of countless spectators who lined the shores, and saluted by salvoes of artillery fired in our honour, we at last moved out into the open sea.

I will not attempt to describe my thoughts as the coast of France faded away and sank beneath the distant horizon—when the eye rested on nothing save the sea studded with white-sailed ships, and vaulted over by the arch of heaven, whose deep, tender blue was hidden from our sight by lowering clouds.

As I think of it now, that voyage seems like a foreshadowing of the difficulties we were to meet at Algiers. On the night of May 27, just as we were passing the Balearic Islands, the breeze freshened, and by midnight it was

blowing a violent gale. Then a tremendous east wind sprang up, increasing in force every moment. Among those crowded ships the danger was great; the storm might so easily dash them one against the other. The Admiral was equal to the occasion, and signalled the fleet, by lanterns displayed on his flag-ship, to make for the sheltered Bay of Palma, on the coast of Majorca.

As yet the storm had done us no serious harm, though a ship here and there had suffered some slight damage. At day-break, the fleet made the bay. The sick were speedily taken on shore and damages repaired. It was out of the question to put to sea again; so here we were detained till May 29.

At length the deep blue of the southern sky glowed above us once more, and we weighed anchor. Whenever it was permitted, we soldiers stood on deck trying to catch the first glimpse of the African coast. By the 30th we were but five or six hours' sail from the coast of Algeria.

But, alas! once more we were doomed to disappointment. It really seemed as if Africa were shrouded behind some veil of mystery we were never to pierce, as though we should

never reach its shores. A great bank of cloud lay now between us and the land, hiding it completely from our view. The heavens grew darker and darker, till we were looking forth into a sea of blinding, whirling mists, and then our old foe the south-easter arose once more, and blew fierce and yet more fiercely from moment to moment. It was evident a storm was brewing like the one of which we had such vivid memories, and already the sombre, iron-bound cliffs of hostile Africa were near enough to be dangerous. It was impossible to keep together so large a number of ships of such different sizes. There was nothing for it but to bear up once more for the Balearic Islands; so after a week's vain struggle the Bay of Palma received us once more.

I cannot describe to you the discouragement that fell upon us. Still we had to put a good face on it; and you Germans know how easily we French fit into any situation in which we find ourselves. So it was now. Such as could not get leave to land made the best of it with their comrades on board ship. Yet we were not really content till, on the 10th of June, the last ships came wearily in, and our

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full number was once more complete. The wind lulled, then changed to a light, favourable breeze, and the heavens cleared up so wonderfully that we soon received the unexpected and inspiring signal, 'To sea!'

The fleet, thus again delivered from the fierce storm, set sail once more, this time both wind and weather being favourable.

On the 12th June 1830, I was awakened by a deafening shout. I sprang into my clothes and hurried out on deck. Flags and pendants fluttered from every ship. The air was rent with cheers from fifty thousand lusty throats. Gay music floated sweetly over the waters, while the cannon thundered their deep bass accompaniment. Algiers was in sight! It was a moment the like of which I shall never live again.

Ah, my poor Carl, shut in there behind the frowning walls of the gloomy Kasbah, couldst thou but hear the shouts of thy countrymen, how would thy honest heart leap for joy at thought of the coming deliverance! That was my first thought; my second, a prayer that God would grant to *me* the honour of freeing him. Then I gave myself up to contemplation of the enchanting scene before me.

Think of it! Picture it to yourself! From the water's edge, where snow-crested waves broke in foam, rose one long line of black, inhospitable cliffs, the bane of the mariner; above it waved a graceful crown of feathery palm-trees, closed in by bright green vegetation, and over-topped by smiling hills clad with dusky forests. Higher again, and there rose a chain of greenly-wooded mountains, towering up in the far background into the mighty peaks of Atlas. And above these serried heights as, each rising higher than the other, they drew their long array back from the coast—above them all spread the deep tender blue of heaven, now filled and made translucent with the golden light of the coming dawn. It was a ravishing spectacle, a life impression that will never fade away.

And now, like some beautiful vision, set in its frame of green and lovely mountains, opened out before our gaze the fair city itself, the dazzling glitter of its snow-white buildings scarce permitting the eye to rest on them. The city of Algiers lies to the west of its roadstead, stretching back up the mountain so that its houses seem to rise one upon the other. Fancy fifteen thousand houses of

that strange eastern fashion, apparently roofless, each house a cube of blinding whiteness, interspersed with mosques, ten of them of the largest size, with their glittering cupolas and slender, lofty minarets ;<sup>1</sup> picture to yourself a mass of smaller religious buildings and hospitals, long ranges of barracks, the great arsenal with its naval and military store-houses ; while, crown and summit of the pyramid formed by the town, and rising almost from the sea, frowns high over all the mighty Kasbah, the Dey's fortress and the citadel of the place, with its towers, out-buildings and fortifications ! Ah, it was a weird, lovely picture, the like of which in all your wanderings you never saw.

You may fancy how enchanted we were with the sight. We even forgot for the moment the purpose of our coming—to hurl the iron messengers of death into that beautiful city, and storm it sword in hand.

Algiers is, as I have said, a city of about fifteen thousand houses. It forms a triangle, with its longest side towards the sea, the Kasbah being the apex. The town is about

<sup>1</sup> Tall slender towers, from the dizzy gallery near the top of which the muezzin, or religious crier, makes known to the faithful without, the several hours of prayer in the mosque beneath.



four miles in circumference. Rising, as it does, directly from the sea, its streets are narrow, irregular, and indescribably filthy; there is no thought of pavement, much less of scavengers. Each Turk throws the refuse of house or business straight out into the street, leaving the fierce wild dogs that range the eastern cities masterless, to devour as much or as little of it as they choose. The rest lies till it decomposes, and is dried up by the sun or trodden into dust beneath the feet of passing men and animals. If rain falls, this dust is straightway transformed into a foul mud in which wayfarers are in constant peril of sinking, and which is peculiarly obnoxious to European noses. Pure as is the life enjoined on the Turk by his religion, he leaves his streets in an indescribable condition; nor is his habitual serenity one whit ruffled by the fact. With placid composure he wades through the vile compound, thinking contentedly, if he think of the matter at all, that this bottomless mess has as much right there as he has.

On the side on which the blue Mediterranean touches the town, the latter lies open to the sea. On its landward side it is

surrounded by a wall pierced with three gates: the Babazun Gate, the new South Gate leading to a fortress, and the Babalurette. There are three more gates, each having its special function: the Alcazara, leading to the armoury; the Pescada to the harbour; and another opening towards the mole or break-water, on which stands the lighthouse. By night all these gates are kept fast shut. At the time of our arrival the fortifications were in good order. There was a double wall with a dry moat before it; batteries in all directions bristled with cannon, which, however, failed fully to protect the aqueduct, though the Sultan's or Kaiser's Fort covered it from above; yet without its aqueduct the city must be waterless. The roadstead, in the shape of a half-circle, was ringed about with batteries.

‘How would the Algerines feel when they saw your great fleet approaching?’ I asked.

‘You don't know the Turks,’ replied the Colonel, ‘if you fancy they were the least bit alarmed. Algiers had often been in as bad a fix before, and come out of it with flying colours. They comforted themselves with this remembrance, with the sight of their

great armed batteries, and their fighting power of 7000 or 8000 Turks, 6000 Khulis, 6000 Moors, and 30,000 or 40,000 Bedouins promised by the Beys of Oran, Constantine, and Titeri. The Dey rocked himself in the confidence of an assured safety; and who can say whether Algiers might not have escaped punishment this time also, had the Sultan's envoy, charged with the silken bow-string for the Dey, only succeeded in reaching Algiers? He was intercepted, however, by some of the subordinate commanders, and sent off with all speed to France.'

'The silken bow-string?' asked the Colonel's wife, who was sitting with us; 'and what may that be?'

'A dreadful thing, my dear,' replied the Colonel, laughing. 'When a high officer of the Porte, or a Pacha like the Dey of Algiers, does something the Sultan wishes to punish, that potentate sends the offender one of his chief officials as the bearer of a silken cord. This silken cord is his sentence of death. He must offer his neck obediently. The capdji, or executioner, dexterously slips the cord round the outstretched throat, pulls it tight—and the thing is done. That is the

Turkish custom. The Sultan's will is law. But let us return to the fleet.'

The General in command at first disagreed with the Admiral as to the best spot for landing. Undoubtedly Admiral Duperré was right in insisting that we should land on the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch. The fleet accordingly approached the peninsula, and came to an anchor. The Admiral chose this beautiful bay as affording safe shelter from the dangerous east wind that blows almost incessantly on this coast from early in July to the end of August, sometimes increasing in violence till it becomes a hurricane.

Sidi-Ferruch takes its name from the grave of a marabout, or so-called Turkish saint. These graves are held in high reverence by the Turks, who frequently choose them as places of prayer. Sidi-Ferruch is a little mountain-spur, jutting out into the sea on the west of Algiers, and connected with the coast by a tongue of land covered with sand and underbrush. It forms two bays on its eastern and western sides respectively. On its highest point stands the tomb of the marabout, surrounded by a few houses, and

having a minaret like those of the mosques. At the base of the rock rises one magnificent palm-tree, overshadowing a lovely spring. Not far away is the circular battery that defends the position.

We had counted on a stubborn resistance here, for we could plainly see the white burnous or mantles of the Arabs who swarmed among the bushes of Sidi-Ferruch. But, careless as ever, the Turks merely fired a few bullets at us, which, being badly aimed, did us little harm. And when the sun went down, a few shots from the guns of one of our steamships soon silenced the Turkish cannon on Sidi-Ferruch, and the gunners with the Arabs speedily took to their heels. As night came on, we could plainly distinguish the Turkish and Arab watch-fires glimmering and glowing on the heights among the dwarf-oaks and wild fig-trees; but a deep silence brooded over land and sea—a silence broken there only by the howl of the jackal, and here but by the sound of the water lapping lazily along the sides of the ships and rushing up the shore, or the hum of the east wind as it whistled and sang through the rigging.

The silence, with the voices of the night

speaking through it, and the rising moon bathing sea and land in silvery light, impressed the hearts of all, and the impression deepened as we thought of the morrow, and the fierce work that morrow must bring. High with courage as a soldier's heart may beat, he is not blameworthy if his thoughts grow serious, almost sad, when fancy bears him homeward to the far-off dear ones, and onward to the coming morrow with its issues of life or death. Were it otherwise, his courage would be but a thoughtless self-confidence, too proud to trust in Him who alone is Lord both of life and death. My soul was away on the shores of distant France, then up there in the dark Kasbah, then lifted in prayer to God. It was late when I sought my hammock, and the pleasant, monotonous sound of plashing waves at length lulled me into a sleep that the slow, gentle rocking of the ship soon rendered both sweet and sound.

Before day-dawn we were ready, and entering the boats, for we Chasseurs were to have the honour of first setting foot on African soil. The Admiral had arranged everything to perfection. Each boat as it was filled, waited till the rest were ready; then all

started together. Our landing was quite unopposed.

In a trice the peninsula was dark with troops drawn up in order of battle. Two bold sailors climbed the tower, to plant on it the flag of France, and fifty thousand throats and the cannon of the fleet saluted the snow-white banner with its golden lilies.

By this time it was daylight, and we could distinctly make out the enemy, drawn up, some six or seven thousand strong, at the head of the peninsula behind the dunes. They had three batteries, with which they opened on us a tolerably well-directed fire. Then our ships began to pour their broadsides in among the Arabs, who were soon busy carrying off their dead ; it being part of a Mussulman's religion never to leave his fallen to an enemy's tender mercies, lest they should be rendered unclean by the touch of unbelievers.

We advanced at a quick marching step in order of battalions. A division of Arab cavalry flung itself on us with a wild battle-cry, a horrific and awe-inspiring shout ; but our bayonets hurled them back. Then, like a flash, our Chasseurs were on the batteries, and pressing the Turks who served them

hard. One short, sharp struggle, and they were off, and the batteries with all their guns were ours.

A triumphant shout went up from our victorious men, and by evening of that same day I was a major. Bourmont promoted me on the field of battle.

For a beginning this affair was almost too easy, our losses were so trifling when compared with the results achieved.

Our disembarkation could now proceed without interruption. A council of war, held on board the Admiral's ship, had already settled to make Sidi-Ferruch a dépôt for stores, and to protect the peninsula by a fortress on its landward side. No time was lost. Two thousand five hundred men, the sappers among them, were set to work, and it was a wonderful thing to see the moats and earthworks appear, the latter duly lined with palisades. Our division advanced to the highest of the enemy's batteries, turned the captured cannon on their late masters, and so prevented them from hindering either the disembarkation or the important works we had in progress. Two full days had been busily occupied in landing soldiers and artillery,



together with the endless quantity of baggage that filled the fleet, when on the third day a fearful storm from the west disturbed our proceedings ; it threatened the more mischief, indeed, because we had as yet landed provisions for only five days.

This *contretemps* might have had very serious results. Part of the fleet was forced out to sea to avoid being driven on shore ; but towards mid-day the wind veered round to the east, so that our landing operations could be continued on the western side of the peninsula. The storm raged throughout the following day, nor was it till the third day that the disembarkation could proceed as before.

Thus far we had seen but little of the enemy, and it had been no hard task to hold him at arms length. In the evening of this day our spies announced that the foe had fixed on the following morning as the time for making a grand attack. We were quite ready to give him a warm reception.

There is little doubt that the Algerines must have ascribed our inactivity to dread of their own prowess. This belief increased

their arrogance. Their army was assembled on the table-land of Staouëli, under command of Ibrahim, the Dey's son-in-law, the Aga of the janissaries. His force consisted of about 30,000 men, made up of his own janissaries, the troops of the Beys of Constantine, Titeri, and Oran, and a number of the Kabyle tribes from the Atlas Mountains. The greater part of the Arabs and Kabyles were mounted. The camp was crescent-shape, guarded in front by a powerful earthwork armed with heavy guns.

The enemy's position, on a height five hundred feet above the sea, was much stronger than our own. Their plan evidently was to surround our right wing, cut us off from Sidi-Ferruch, our base of supplies, and thus take us between two fires.

The night passed quietly, though we could see the long line of their watch-fires glowing red through the darkness.

At break of day the foe advanced, and a quarter of an hour later firing began. The custom of the Arabs is to burst on an enemy at a wild gallop, and strike terror by their fierce cries. They tried these tactics now,

but my men stood firm, and hurled them back. The cruelty of these sons of the desert in the first attack had roused the deep indignation of many of our soldiers, who now got an opportunity of repaying it. These wild horsemen had used their yataghans with marvellous dexterity and swiftness to strike off the heads of all who fell into their power, killed, wounded, and prisoners alike, and had gone off with these ghastly trophies of their prowess dangling from their saddle-bows. You may suppose the sight had enraged our men; this time they gave no quarter. Our artillery wrought such deadly havoc in the opposing ranks that at last they broke and fled in wild confusion, the extremity of their terror revealing itself in the fact that they left their dead by hundreds on the banks of a little mountain-stream.

This successful commencement put us all in the best of spirits. The fight grew general. The enemy's next attack was keen and steady, but the entire line of our troops made a gallant stand. Up to this time we had been content to stand on the defensive, but when the General commanding noticed the

ardour of our men, and the correspondent wavering in the ranks of the foe, and saw, too, how little able they were to hold their own in face of a vigorous opposition, he resolved on assuming the offensive. It was the right step, and was hailed with joy by all under his command. Scarcely had the signal to advance been given, when with jubilant shouts our several divisions set forward, leaving their entrenchments in their rear.

With fixed bayonets we threw ourselves in force on the foe, who stood for a moment as though thunderstruck, then again broke and fled. Our shells, flying into their disordered ranks, added wings to their flight.

We continued to press forward on their positions on all sides. Their cannon was badly served, and did us but little harm. Superior discipline soon began to tell; nor was it long before we saw the foe flying before us in all directions, like frightened sheep, towards their camp, and away through it. There was not apparently a thought of standing to hold the camp. This panic flight continued, till the fugitives found themselves

under the very guns of the Kasbah, the janissaries themselves thronging into the town without so much as stopping to shut the gates behind them. If, at this moment, General Bourmont had not called a halt, our men would have entered Algiers with the enemy, and the power of the Dey been then and there broken in the streets of his own capital city.

Our soldiers raged and swore at being thus recalled when victory was actually within their grasp, and they themselves in full pursuit of a foe so blinded by terror that he sought only to save his own life.

The enemy must have entered on this battle intoxicated by the thoughts of coming success. Ibrahim Aga had promised his troops easy victory and rich plunder, and plunder is as the very breath of life to the genuine Arab. Their commander had made so certain of gaining the day, that everything was ready to reward his victorious janissaries, and splendidly too, for they were the flower of his army. Large sums of money were found stored in the camp, and magnificent repasts needing only the guests. But

they forgot all their festivals, leaving them to fall into our hands; we did ample justice to the good things, nor once so much as thought of the dogs we had brought from France to act as our tasters. The money, too, fell into our hands, together with a mass of those costly and splendid things with which eastern courts abound. We found the very cattle abandoned that had been provided for food. As had often happened before, so it happened now, no one had given a thought to demolishing the camp, and it fell into the hands of a victorious foe. Our victory was a brilliant one. No one complained of fatigue, and laughter and merriment resounded on all sides.

We had next to think of strengthening our position on the table-land of Staouëli; accordingly, the place was fortified, and connected with Sidi-Ferruch by a newly-made road. Meantime the disembarkation had gone on, and would ere this have been completed but for the strong west wind which had driven part of the fleet out to sea, and still continued to blow. This not only hindered us from getting our batteries finished, but crippled us in various ways, besides which it gave the

enemy opportunity to recruit their strength, and courage to do something in the way of harassing us. But it is time we saw what was going on within the city.





## CHAPTER IX.

### *HOPES AND FEARS*

**I**T was a warm and beautiful morning Carl was at work in the Dey's garden, attended by only one of the blacks who now never both left him, when Achmet, who had been absent, entered the garden hurriedly and in evident excitement. Some minutes earlier Carl had been aware of an unusual sound, coming, as it seemed, from a distance. It had been succeeded by the roar of cannon.

'What was that noise?' he now asked Achmet.

The latter approached him, and said, so that the other black could not hear, 'The sea covered with many ships; the sailors shout for joy. Then cannons fired. All Algiers



out of doors and gone to see. I think it your countrymen.'

Carl trembled with a joyous surprise. He clasped his hands and looked silently up to heaven.

'You hope now?' asked the black. 'When all well with you and you free again, then you not forget Achmet!'

Carl could not reply; his emotion would not permit him to speak; but he nodded to his faithful friend, who, saying 'I go and learn some more,' left the garden again. For two days past their master had seemed to take no heed of them, and not even an overseer had shown his face.

Carl had to sit down, so deeply had the good news affected him.


An hour later Achmet returned to report what he had heard. Although he could only speak of the confidence of the Turks and Algerines, he had made out that Algiers was getting ready for battle, and that the Turks were certain they should make short work of the unbelievers, if it once came to real fighting. This was all he knew; quite enough, however, to keep Carl's thoughts too busy for much rest. He dared not entertain a thought

of escape. Even though the entire absence of all oversight suggested it, was not Algiers perhaps already surrounded and armed? And then, whither could he flee?

So the days passed on, alternating between hope and fear, until the defeat of Staouëli. Achmet frequently went out, often bringing back stirring and joyful news. Carl heard of the successful landing at Sidi-Ferruch, and of all that followed it. But when Achmet told of the events that had succeeded the battle, his heart was divided between joy and anxiety. He had been so utterly forgotten that he might even have perished from very hunger, had not faithful Achmet brought in food from the town, and had not the garden furnished some of its fruits to the three dwellers within its precincts.

The events which, within the city, followed the battle of Staouëli, were indeed important.

Ever since the time of Mustapha's severe punishment a mutinous spirit against the Dey had been brooding among the janissaries, because he had dared to treat one of their comrades like a common criminal. They felt this a deadly offence both against their privileges, and to their spirit of independence and caste.




But when Mustapha met his death in so mysterious a fashion, the idea took hold of them that the Dey had had him put out of the way secretly, a suspicion which struck all the deeper root because the story of Mustapha and the Frankish slave was perfectly well known to them. This aggravated the sullen temper fermenting among them, a temper which threatened both the Dey and Carl ; for Mustapha's hints had led them to look on the Frank as the betrayer of their comrade. Several times mutiny was on the verge of breaking out, and thus a serious danger hovered over unsuspecting Carl, as well as over the Dey, who knew well what was coming.

Hussein Pacha, the Dey of Algiers, was crafty enough to try and avert the storm by extra friendliness towards his janissaries, but even this means would have proved vain had not the threatening attitude of the French fleet, the warlike preparations in the city, and the near prospect of glorious victory and rich booty, given their fierce thoughts another direction. They forgot their anger against the Dey in the close approach of victory, and common hatred of the unbelievers.

Ibrahim Aga, the Dey's son-in-law, whose

fortunes were closely bound up in those of the Dey himself, and who kept him informed of the mutinous spirit astir among the janissaries, used every endeavour to foster the warlike passions of these dangerous troops, and by holding out to them brilliant prospects, not merely of booty but of rich reward, had thus far succeeded in averting an outbreak. The camp on the heights of Staouëli was in itself a guarantee that what Ibrahim said he could do. They knew that large sums of gold lay there, ready to reward their valour; they knew, too, what dainty viands awaited their return victorious, and what sumptuous preparations had been made for gluttonous gratification—all for them, and for them alone. Thoughts like these tempered their anger, and made them ready and eager for the fray. But when, as they persuaded themselves, by their leader's cowardice and want of skill this battle was so utterly thrown away; when rewards, feast, and plunder were all alike lost in the shameless flight; when all they cared for fell into the hands of the hated infidels—their suppressed wrath against the Dey broke into flame.



As always happens, so it happened now, men are far more willing to lay the blame of their misfortunes on others, than to bear any of it themselves. The janissaries were no exception to the rule; they could not think of their own cowardice without the red flush rising to their swarthy cheeks. Instead, however, of blaming themselves, they laid all the blame on their master the Dey, and his son-in-law; and the courts of the Kasbah rang with their execrations against Ibrahim Aga and Hussein Pacha. If at this moment any one of the enraged mob had happened to think of Carl, the Dey would without a moment's hesitation have offered to throw his head over the wall to them, if that sacrifice would have got his own neck out of the noose.

The tumult had broken out as soon as the troops found themselves safe in the town. The court-yard was filled with shouting, howling janissaries. Those who had brought the heads of fallen or captured Frenchmen in proof of their prowess, clamoured loudly for payment of their reward; for the Dey had offered five piastres for each French head brought in.

Fresh numbers kept still crowding in, and the cry went up for the Dey's dethronement and death, by the hands of the executioner. The howling and cursing, the whole furious din, sounded ominous of mischief, and that of the very worst kind, to the trembling tyrant behind the Kasbah walls. The inner gate, crossed and clamped with iron, still remained fast shut, and Ibrahim Aga, who had promised to bear the mutineers' message, was admitted alone. Without, the tumult continued and increased. Within reigned anxiety and dread.

If it was hard to understand why the Dey had let the French landing proceed without interruption, it was in that very fact the chief ground of discontent lay. For it was Ibrahim Aga, with true Turkish arrogance, who had counselled this course, so that not one single giaour should escape alive, but all should be offered up by the avenging swords of the faithful. This speech had seemed so reasonable to the Dey and his Divan that it had been literally carried out, and now repentance, the fruit of shameful defeat, came too late. Ibrahim confessed that the whole blameworthiness rested on



him, and on him alone. If, like a skilful leader, he had but had his eye on the right point, he might have used his chance.

This thought, and the memory of his own cowardice, now so plainly proved, lay heavy on his heart. He felt his head scarcely safe on his shoulders, for the Turks have an awkward custom, whenever a battle is lost, of making some one's head pay for it.

The Dey was furious indeed, when his eyes rested on Ibrahim Aga. He spat in his face—the supreme sign of hatred and contempt, and banished him from his sight. The fallen officer had foreseen all that, and worse, and now sent his wife, the Dey's favourite daughter, to fall at her father's feet, and with tears entreat him to spare her husband's life, and pardon him. The Dey hastened to pay up handsomely for the French heads, divided large sums of money among his janissaries, and then set emissaries and officials to work to quiet their angry minds. The money and a lavish festival combined, proved great peace-makers. In time, he even succeeded not only in pacifying them, but in filling them once more with martial ardour and fanatical

zeal; while the Ulemahs and Mollahs promised that the arms of the faithful should surely in the end prove victorious. Thus, by a judicious expenditure of gold and jewels, and by dint of many promises, did the Dey succeed in allaying the wild storm that had broken out around him, and thus did he once more save life and kingdom.

The mutinous shouts of the rebellious janissaries had reached the garden, and Carl, who knew from Achmet that he was held responsible for Mustapha's destruction, gave up all for lost, and commended his spirit to the keeping of his Lord and Saviour. With bated breath he listened while the tumult in the great court-yard of the Kasbah grew fiercer and louder moment by moment. Suddenly the storm ceased, and the howls of rage gave place to shouts of joy. And Carl thought, 'Surely the Dey must have yielded to their murderous demands, and my last hour is come.'

If we could have looked into his soul, should we have seen it shaken by the terrors of that dread moment? No! He thought of his dear wife left desolate, of his orphaned children, of those faithful and worthy friends







“Joy!” he cried. “Good News! Danger over! Your fears not happen. They angry with Dey. He made them be quiet.”—Page 167.

his new father and mother; he commended them all to the merciful keeping of the mighty God, confessed his sins to his Heavenly Father, and then prepared for death by sweet communion with the Lord and Saviour of his soul.

But minute after minute sped away in this mortal agony, and yet the moment so long expected never came.

Achmet, deeply interested, had watched Carl's mental struggles, sympathizing so far as he understood. He crept quietly away, and after a short absence returned.

'Joy!' he cried. 'Good news! Danger over! Your fears not happen. They angry with Dey. He made them be quiet.'

Only those who have experienced a sudden relief like this, can know what a shock it is. At the sound of Achmet's words, Carl sank fainting to the ground. His strength had been broken down both by the deep struggles of his soul and by his long and close imprisonment. This unexpected change was too much for him.

Achmet carried him into the little house, threw water on him, and slowly brought him back to life; he continued, however, to feel

faint and ill, and fit only to lie wearily on the straw mattress that served him for a bed. His attached servant, grieved to see him thus, tended him with self-forgetting faithfulness, and presently had the reward of seeing his master's youth and strength once more gain the victory. His words brought the dawning light of hope into Carl's weary soul, though by this time the sufferer hardly dared open his heart to hope's cheering beams.

Meantime military events marched on toward their fulfilment beneath the walls of the city. There were still days of hard trial and many unsatisfied longings for the young man to bear, and no more fervent prayers for the success of our arms went up than those that rose from the depths of his troubled spirit.

Let us now again turn our attention to the events passing without the city.

You will remember that, though we had scaled the heights of Staouëli, the adverse west wind had delayed the landing of our stores, and especially of the ammunition for our artillery. This checked our advance, at the same time rousing once more the enemy's

flagging courage. Ibrahim Aga, forgiven at his wife's intercession, stood, within twenty-four hours after the outbreak at the Kasbah, reinstated in the chief command, and thoroughly determined to blot out the very memory of the past. For several days nothing occurred save trifling skirmishes. Then the heights above Staouëli were thronged with 8000 Turks and a countless host of Bedouins and Kabyles. They lost no time in coming down, and were speedily drawn out in order of battle. As soon as the skirmishers were well engaged, three brigades and a battery of field-artillery advanced, under command of General Berthezéne, along the road leading to Algiers. Then General Damrémont attacked the enemy's right wing, while General Laverdo held the camp.

The battle began in good order, but the enemy soon gave way, and took to flight. The Arab cavalry, indeed, burst upon our ranks on the extreme wing, but being sharply repulsed, turned on our camp, supposing it to be undefended. Here also they met a smart repulse. As our troops marched past Sidi-Khalef, a withering fire was poured into them

by Arabs ambushed in a wood ; here, too, the foe, not waiting to be themselves attacked, fled with such precipitous swiftness that our cavalry was unable to overtake them. They shortly drew up again, under the leadership of the Bey of Titari, on a neighbouring table-land, and their sharp-shooters opened fire on us. But when our men had with great difficulty fought their way over the uneven ground, and began to send their bullets flying into the human mass in front, the foe broke and fled again ; this time we followed them so closely that we soon found ourselves close upon the orchards in front of the great Sultan's Fort, which commanded the whole of Algiers. Here a powder-magazine suddenly exploded, blown up by the Arabs lest it should fall into our hands ; fortunately it did us no harm.

Our success thus far had scarcely been marred by any loss. We now stood face to face with Algiers itself. All our stores were landed, our position at Sidi-Ferruch fortified, the roads levelled ; and the next thing was to bring up siege-guns and bombard the Sultan's Fort, and then the city. While our arrangements were being made, the enemy

picked up again, and his skirmishers succeeded in inflicting some loss on us, the Arab sharp-shooters lying hidden behind hedges and in rifle-pits, picking our men off one by one.

On the 29th June our army moved forward in three divisions, and climbed the hill where the enemy's artillery was planted. We lost no time in coming to close quarters; once more the resistance offered us was of the feeblest.

There is no doubt, if a really strong and skilful foe had been opposed to us, it might have gone very hard with us indeed. We had no knowledge of the country, which was a most difficult one, cut up and intersected in all directions, neither had we native guides to show us by-ways or help us to avoid dangerous points. Thus we were compelled to move cautiously and slowly, while, to add to our troubles, the heat was so intense as almost to overpower our men. Every now and then we found ourselves involved in great labyrinths of marshes and mazy quagmires with deeply-yawning pits. Then the mirage appeared, caused by the vapours that quiver above the hot sultry plain

of Medid-Shah, and, misled by these phantoms of the desert, our people often lost their way. Finally, there was a terrible scarcity of water, a want that threatened us at one time with the direst consequences.

If the enemy had but been courageous and known our straits ! As it was, he neglected all these great advantages, and the various parts of our army were at last able to join hands, and occupy the heights of Budshareah, 1300 feet above the Mediterranean, commanding a glorious prospect of sea and land, with Algiers itself at our very feet. We could distinctly see the harbour of the city, and the feeble ramparts protected on one side only by a deep ravine. We noticed, too, the three fortresses, and chief among them, the Sultan's Fort, the strongest of them all. No sooner did the Algerines below perceive our presence on the heights, than panic terror seized them. The cannon of the Kasbah thundered forth a loud alarm, and the Dey issued orders to hold the Sultan's Fort at all costs. Eighty guns and fifteen hundred janissaries were hurried into it, and the fierce Mussulmans swore lustily to defend it to the last gasp. On the evening of that



same day, in spite of the busy activities that had filled it, General Bourmont issued orders to open the first trench against this fort. The succeeding days were occupied in carrying forward this and other siege-works, and in fortifying the heights of Budshareah, the army meantime drawing itself so closely around Algiers that, while the base at Sidi-Ferruch was still strongly held, the various parts came gradually into *rapport* with one another.

To occupy the thoughts of the besieged, and take their attention from the progress of the siege, the Admiral now appeared before the city with his fleet, and began the bombardment. Thus taken between two fires, and threatened on every side at once, the terror in Algiers rose to grand proportions. When at length our works were completed, the flight of a rocket gave the signal. This was in the grey dawn of the 3d of July. A vigorous cannonade was then opened on the Sultan's Fort, which at first responded briskly enough. Towards eight in the forenoon, however, their firing slackened, and by ten had entirely ceased.

The garrison of the fort was just about to

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withdraw when the Dey sent peremptory orders to continue the defence. Exasperated by this order, and forgetful of the solemn oath they had sworn, the janissaries and topdjis abandoned the fort, and stormed into the city, cursing the Dey for wanting to throw away their lives. The few who stayed behind, set a light to the powder-magazine, and sent the whole thing flying into the air. We suspected nothing of what was going forward till a tremendous roar, accompanied by clouds of smoke and dust, told us the grim story. Then came stones, human limbs, broken pieces of cannon, and many other things, showering down into and around our trenches. When the dust cleared off a little, we could see that the entire western side of the great fortress had disappeared. A company rushed forward, heedless of danger, and planted the standard of France on the Sultan's Fort. A short, sharp struggle ensued; then we found ourselves masters of a fortification that had hitherto boasted itself impregnable. No sooner did the Arabs see our success, than those belonging to the tribes of Constantine and Oran left Algiers with all speed, and hastened homeward.

Firing was still maintained from the Kasbah and one of the other forts on our position in the Sultan's Fort, but a few well-directed shots speedily silenced it.





## CHAPTER X.

### *FREEDOM.*

**T**HE battle of Staouëli was the turning-point in the campaign; after that there was no heart left in Algiers to make further stand. When his janissaries broke their solemn oath, the Dey knew that all was lost; and we had not long held the Sultan's Fort, when Sidi-Mustapha, the Dey's private secretary, appeared with the Dey's master's offer to give full satisfaction for the affront put on Consul Deval, to yield the demands of the French Government, and to pay all the expenses of the war, if his life and throne were spared, and the French army and fleet withdrawn. Bourmont demanded unconditional surrender. The ambassador trembled on hearing the answer, and de-

clined to take it by word of mouth, saying that to do so would certainly cost him his head. Thereupon it was delivered to him duly written, signed, and sealed. The Dey had at the same time sent his Minister of Marine to the Admiral, and with the same result.

The janissaries saw their last opportunity for vengeance on their master slipping through their hands ; accordingly they held a meeting on their own account, and sent a special deputation to the French Commander. They promised, to begin with, to deliver up the head of the Dey if the country might be left in their hands. When they had got as far as this, Bourmont angrily broke off the interview, and required them to disperse their assembly at once ; he would treat only with the Dey himself, he said, and should hold them responsible with their heads for the slightest assault on either their master, the Kasbah, or the city. Terror seized them as they heard the stern words, and their deputation withdrew in confusion and alarm.

Close on the heels of the retiring janissaries

came Sidi-Mustapha, the secretary, for the second time, accompanied by the English Consul and two of the chief Moorish inhabitants. The General, while declining to accept the Englishman's mediation, showed himself very friendly to the Moors, and at once ordered the bombardment to be suspended. The Moors said the terms, unconditional surrender, had produced a frightful impression in Algiers; there was a general idea that the French meant to wreak on the city all the outrages committed against themselves and their religion. The citizens begged, therefore, that the terms of surrender might be rather more fully expressed.

The Commander-in-Chief at once summoned a council of war, and the messenger was sent back to the Dey with the following conditions :

1. The French army takes possession of the city of Algiers, the Kasbah, and all the forts appertaining thereto, as well as all public property; this to take effect to-morrow, July 5, 1830, at ten in the morning, according to French reckoning of time.

2. The religion and customs of the Algerines will be respected, and no soldier of the invading army will enter a mosque.

3. The Dey and the Turks will quit Algiers at the earliest possible moment. They will be permitted to take their personal effects, and will be free to reside wherever they may choose.

At first the janissaries were furious on hearing those stringent conditions, but the Dey succeeded in bringing them to their senses; and as he was assured at least of personal safety, he lost no time in accepting.

This was my time (continued the Colonel), and I made the most of it. I requested an audience of General Bourmont. This being granted, I reminded him of Carl. There was yet time, as negotiations were still going on, to stipulate for the life and freedom of my unhappy friend, otherwise no one could tell what secret cruelty might yet be practised upon him.

Bourmont heard all I had to say most courteously. 'You are quite right,' he said, and called an interpreter. 'Go at once into Algiers, obtain audience of the Dey, and say

to him that he will at once give up the Frankish slave Carl, now or lately employed in his garden, together with all other Franks now his slaves. If but one be kept back, or suffer the least injury, the treaty is void, and I shall at once re-open fire on the city. Be speedy, and bring the slave Carl with you.'

I thanked the Marshal heartily, and hastened to the gate of the Sultan's Fort that opened towards the city. The interpreter was already on his way, a white flag waving before him. My heart throbbed painfully. Did my friend yet live! Should I really see him once more! I counted the minutes. The interpreter already seemed to have been gone an age. Every moment I grew more and more restless and impatient. My fancy drew a thousand sombre pictures of what might have taken place. I felt unable waiting there to endure any longer the agonizing alternation of hope and fear.

After all the exciting events of these last days, the results of which Carl learned fragmentarily through Achmet, you may imagine the state of his mind, and what an effect that uneasy mind had on his feeble state of health. He was so weak he could



scarcely stand, when the Dey's overseer came to summon him to his master's presence. Hussein Pacha had been highly excited at receipt of the message brought by Bourmont's interpreter. For a while the fallen potentate sat in dead silence, frowning ominously. The result of his cogitations at last found vent in the sudden command to bring Carl to him.

Carl thought his last hour was surely come, and though his soul was at peace even in this extremity, trusting in the Lord his God, we may well fancy how that soul was stirred as he thought of his dear ones at home.

When he entered the hall where sat Hussein Pacha surrounded by his usual court, the Dey handed him over at once to the interpreter, and the latter asked him his name, parentage, and a few other particulars, to assure himself that this was the right man. When Carl had answered every question satisfactorily, the interpreter said: 'You are free. You will now go with me straight to our camp; soon, if God will, to join your family.'

The ground seemed to slip away from

beneath the poor fellow's feet; everything around him turned to darkness; he tottered and fell. The interpreter caught him before he reached the ground. Black slaves came promptly to his aid, and the Dey himself ordered a horse to be got ready at once, for which the interpreter courteously thanked him.

When, with some pains, Carl had been brought round again, and was sufficiently recovered to mount his horse, the two men hastened, as fast as they could go, out from the inhospitable Kasbah towards the Sultan's Fort.

I was still waiting impatiently outside the gate, gazing with anxious heart along the road. Suddenly I saw two horsemen approaching. My telescope soon showed me Carl, whom I recognised in spite of his changed appearance and ill looks. I could have fallen then and there on my knees, and thanked God aloud in the fulness of my heart.

'Carl!' I cried, as they drew near, and stretched my arms towards him. He stared at me for a moment, then with a joyful cry of 'Wenk!' fell on my breast.

‘Your friends live and are well,’ was all I had time to say, for the interpreter insisted on taking him at once before the General. That officer gave him a warm welcome, had refreshments brought, and made many inquiries. That Carl’s lot as the Dey’s slave had been no very hard one, inclined Bourmont to treat his defeated foe more leniently. So as soon as the audience was over my friend returned at once to me, and the past again opened its doors to us in friendly talk. Our conversation, however, could not last long, for by ten we had to be under arms; the final surrender of Algiers was then to be publicly accomplished, and we were to enter the city in triumph.

Punctually at eleven o’clock we set forth, Carl, bravely attired in a well-fitting uniform lent him by one of my comrades, riding by my side. Our flags fluttered gaily in the breeze, and inspiring music crashed out as we rode in under the New Gate. My regiment had the place of honour, and took possession of the Kasbah with its great store of artillery. Short though the interval of freedom had been, it had already worked wonders in my friend Carl; he was quite

another man. New life streamed through his veins—the life of liberty; yet he told me that everything still seemed to him like some strange, beautiful dream, or bright fairy-tale suddenly turned into solid fact. How could it be otherwise, the change in his life was so sudden and so great?

Nowhere on our march did we encounter the Turkish guards or the janissaries. The unmarried men were strictly confined to barracks; the married sent home to their families. Marshal Bourmont's first care was to free the Christian slaves. There were 122 of them in the city. Our men greeted them with loud cheers as they came forth at last from their long captivity, and showed them every kindness love and pity could suggest.

The first days were of course fully occupied with military business. All the public property that had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, had to be examined, secured, and registered. Busy activity prevailed on every hand. The janissaries held strictly aloof, unlike the Jews, who soon came to terms with us, and made themselves useful in all sorts of ways.

The Dey still occupied a portion of the Kasbah, waiting, in the pride of his heart, for the General of the victorious army to come and pay his respects. He meant to use that opportunity for claiming certain private possessions that were of high value. Several days having passed, and no General Bourmont having made his appearance, Hussein Pacha sent to the victor asking an interview, which was granted. Then the Dey demanded both his goods and a sum of money sufficient to take him to Malta. Bourmont did not approve of Malta as his place of residence, whereupon the Dey chose Leghorn. By the time Bourmont paid his return visit, this resolution was again altered, and Naples selected. On the 10th of July the Dey embarked, with attendants to the number of a hundred and ten persons. The procession from the Kasbah to the harbour was a painfully silent one. The Dey walked, as did the members of his train. He bore himself well and manfully, but the thoughts that brooded in his heart came to the surface when he stepped on board the French ship. He burst into tears, and cast agonized glances towards the Kasbah, where for twelve years

he had reigned as undisputed lord and master.

The next day the janissaries were disarmed, and 2400 of them shipped off to Asia Minor. Only those who were married and had homes in Algiers were permitted to remain.

You may fancy that on this day, and indeed on several that followed it, there was little rest to be thought of, especially for us officers. Words cannot tell all we had to manage, to arrange, to adjust. Thus ten or twelve days slipped away before I was able to speak seriously with Carl of his journey to Toulon. We agreed to ask an audience of Bourmont. We were received in the afternoon, in the garden-kiosque of the Kasbah, where Admiral Duperré was in consultation with Bourmont; for the fleet was now partly in the harbour, partly in the roadstead, and partly at anchor before Sidi-Ferruch. Just before we entered the garden, a strange event had happened. The Commander-in-Chief and the Admiral had strolled together into the most densely-wooded part of the garden, and were talking over their plans, when suddenly there was a rustling sound in some bushes at their side, and as

the two officers turned to look they saw a black mass coming out of the thicket. Both fell back in surprise, and drew their swords, supposing it might be some wild animal. When the creature reached the open, it proved, however, to be a negro, who prostrated himself before the two gentlemen in their gorgeous uniform, crossed his arms on his breast, and cried in broken French : ‘ Mercy ! Not go with Dey ; stay with Carl ! ’

Bourmont drew nearer, and entered into conversation with the black.

It was Achmet, who, on hearing that the Dey was leaving Algiers, had hidden himself here, that he might stay with his dear Carl and share his fate. Carl himself had no notion of what had become of his friend, and was beginning to feel a little anxious about him. His sudden disappearance was quite unaccountable. He had vanished just before Carl’s liberation, and was not to be found among the slaves who accompanied the Dey. General Bourmont now heard attentively all he had to say, but could make very little out of it, until Carl, Bourmont’s adjutant, and myself, entered the garden at the hour appointed for our audience.

Achmet's explanations and entreaties came to a sudden stop as soon as he saw us. His eyes rested on Carl. He was still dressed in my friend's uniform, having no European clothes of his own. Suddenly the black face brightened. 'Carl! Carl!' he cried; three bounds, and he was hanging on his friend's neck, hugging and kissing him. Then, loosing his hold, he fell before him on his knees, laid his forehead in the dust at his friend's feet, and said: 'Massa Carl, Achmet your slave always!'

The sight touched not only ourselves but the Admiral and the Commander-in-Chief too, to whom, at Bourmont's request, Carl explained. Achmet was so unwilling to be parted from him, he said, that, when he had heard how things stood, he had hidden himself here in the thickest bushes, where no one would think of looking for him.

Bourmont at once gave the faithful fellow his freedom, and Carl promised to be a true friend to him, and to care for him as long as he lived. No one was more happy now than Achmet, who could not gaze enough at his dear Carl in his brilliant uniform.

Bourmont introduced Carl to the Admiral,



who knew his father well, and had heard his sad story.

The Admiral told him that the brig *Victorieuse* would sail the next morning for Toulon, and that it would give him much pleasure if he, Carl, and his black friend Achmet, would make use of her.

You should have seen him, how pale he turned ; how then, still too weak to control himself, he burst into tears ! All present sympathized with him, and respected his feelings.

I have but little more to tell. Carl embarked with Achmet, and reached Toulon quite safely. He had a most tender, happy meeting with all his dear ones. I, meantime, was detained for another long year in Africa.

The time passed away in constant fighting and amid many hardships. As Colonel of my Chasseurs, now transformed into a Zouave regiment, I had to hold our fortress, which we called the *Maison Carrée*, against the daily assaults of the Kabyles. While doing this, one day a bullet struck me in the calf of the right leg. Inflammation set in ; the leg was amputated, and I returned home a cripple to my dear wife, who still remained at Toulon.

I came on them all unexpectedly. It was afternoon, and they were assembled at Carl's beautiful garden outside the town. Thither I hastened.

As I entered, I saw my children and Carl's playing about the garden with Achmet. Within the circle sat Carl, hale and well; his parents; his wife, bright and happy; and mine, pale and sorrowful. Ah, friend, what I felt at that sight!

A few moments more, and my beloved wife was clasped to my breast; my children seized my hands, covering them with kisses and tears; while our dear friends stood round us, waiting till I could receive the assurance of the love pent up in their kindly, sympathizing hearts. When I had at last saluted them all, Achmet stepped forward, took my white hand in his black one, and said: 'Praise God, you with us once more! Now we all happy and joyful again!'

And here the Colonel's story ended.







